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BY
DAVID TAYLOR ROBERTSON
Author of "The Winning of the Valley"



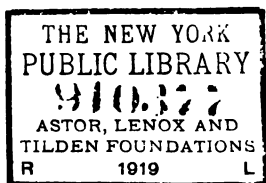
BOSTON
THE GORHAM PRESS

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WOLFE
JULY
1919

Made in the United States of America

The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

TO
MY MOTHER

WHO WATCHED OVER MY INFANT SLUMBERS,
GAVE ME A TREND TOWARD THE RIGHT,
AND PARTING LEFT ME HER BENEDICTION,
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED, WITH THE
HOPE THAT ITS PUBLICATION MAY
HELP TO GUARD THE LIFE
OF THE INNOCENT

FOREWORD

The author sends forth this story with the hope that it may be of help. Some may think this story verges too closely upon the vicious and vile. While the story is the author's invention every incident, no matter what its nature, is based upon an observed fact. Each incident in the life of the underworld was often enough repeated to establish it as a system.

In the preparation of this story the author gathered his own materials even though it required him to slum the majority of our large cities and to follow the trail into Old Mexico.

DAVID TAYLOR ROBERTSON

Faribault, Minnesota

January, 1918



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BY PATHS THEY KNOW NOT

CHAPTER I

BEYOND ENDURANCE

IN the business center of one of the leading cities in the State of Ohio, a State which has given to this nation some of her greatest leaders, stands the public market. On the edge of the market and just at the entrance of the red-light district of the city, stands a large brick building with massive grey stone entrance. Chiseled into the large stone above the entrance is the name of the building: "The Grand Theater." With the changing conditions of the city the amusement center has shifted further uptown, leaving this once famous playhouse standing as a monument of the days when the city centered at the old market.

The name "Grand Theater" is a misnomer for the building now. For many years it has been given over to the most vicious and lewd orgies. Anything which it has been possible for the corrupt and vicious mind to conceive of has been allowed to be put on in this building. The class of entertainment put on in this place at the time of which we write was put on by women in almost nude attire. The entertainers were known to the audience by number, and not by name,

on the programme. There was not a hint given as to the identity of the players. The girl or girls, on seeing their number thrown on the board, passed from the audience room to their place back of the stage curtain and waited for the bell to indicate their entrance. The audience was composed almost entirely of men. Once in a while some women of questionable character would enter the place but it would be for but a moment and then pass out, usually with an escort.

The players had lost all semblance of womanliness and the men who composed the audience, through dissipation and evil communications, had long ago laid aside all the qualities of true manhood.

The style of programme put on in this house would have shamed the drunken rabble at Herod's feast and would have made the orgies at the feast of Belshazzar seem as innocent amusement while the bacchanalian conceptions of bygone days would have paled into insignificance. Nothing was too low or vicious. If there was anything thought of which might stir the passions and arouse the vicious in man, it was put on in this house and under police protection.

Once through with her voluptuous act the girl would pass to the main floor or gallery, and mingle with the audience. She would look the men over with care and, spotting one who looked as though he might have some money on his person, and who looked as though in a condition where he might be worked, she would seat herself by his side, if there was room; if not she would seat herself on his lap, unless he resisted her too strenuously, and commence to solicit him to enter one of the numerous booths, which lined the second floor, and were heavily curtained. The booths were furnished with a small table and not more than four chairs.

The moment they were seated together, in the booth, the girl would touch a secret bell and a waiter would enter to take their orders for drinks and for a lunch, if the man would stand for it. The whole establishment was being run by a saloon-keeper and the dive was under the protection of the police and city administration. It paid heavily into the coffers of the city but it paid the saloon man to enter into the unholy alliance. The contributions of this establishment helped to keep the City Hall ring in power. It was funds gathered from such dives that were used to help elect men to office in the city who had no respect for their oath of office and who, once elected, laid the ordinances of the city and the laws of the State in the background. If they ever knew them they proceeded to forget them.

Just across the market from the "Grand Theater" was situated the Central police station, but between the two was a wall of blood money so thick and so high that no cry for help could penetrate it and no eye could see over it. The only word which could be heard beyond that wall was that of the ward boss, who ran the "Grand" and his word seemed to be law in his joint and at police headquarters. The distance around that wall must have been great, for the slowest moving criminal had plenty of time in which to get away before the police could arrive, if called.

The major portion of the income of the girl actors came in the form of commissions on drinks, paid for by the men whom they could entice into the booths. They frequently added to their income by coaxing money from their victim and frequently they gathered in a goodly sum by doping the drink and cleaning their victim when they had him going right.

Captain and Mrs. Hadley of the Volunteers of America, in company with one of the leading business men of the city, were conducting an investigation into conditions. The business man was one of the largest taxpayers and he wanted to know what was being done. The election was coming on in a few weeks and the business men were anxious to know what kind of an administration the present officials, who were all up for reelection, were giving them. They desired to present some facts to the people of the city which might arouse them to the point where they would exercise their rights at the polls and get some one into office who would clean the city up. In their rounds of the questionable resorts they arrived at the door of the "Grand Theater" about midnight. On their arrival at the door Captain Hadley stooped over and, in low voice, directed the business man to part company with him and Mrs. Hadley as soon as they entered the place, as nothing would be doing should he enter with them, for no doubt the place had been tipped off that they were making the rounds.

"They know Mrs. Hadley and myself," said the Captain, "but they do not care unless they see some one with us. You don't want to know us in here at all."

Mrs. Hadley was in the rear as they were entering the building and she noticed a man standing in the shadow of one of the large pillars at the entrance. She also noted that he drew back when he saw her. He was a man of the working class but looked prosperous. He was tall, broad shouldered, slightly stooping, with hair turning to white. Evidently a man about forty-eight years of age.

On observing the man and his attitude Mrs. Hadley stepped into the shadow by his side and at once

recognized him as he looked up. Some months previous to this she had been called to the home of the man in a time of great trouble. The moment Mrs. Hadley recognized him she thrust out her hand and it was grasped nervously by the man in the shadow. He gripped and held the hand as though in it he found hope of salvation. The man was all in a tremble but not on account of cold. He was well dressed and was protected from the night wind as he stood in the shadow. He was being torn with the rage of his soul and his anger was consuming him.

"Why, Sam Moore, what are you doing here at this hour of the night?" asked Mrs. Hadley. The words seemed to leap from her lips. She felt that something was wrong. She knew that a man who worked as hard as she knew Sam Moore worked must have some reason, other than loafing, to be in this place at so late an hour. She knew that he was a great home man and was accustomed to spend his evenings with his daughter in their little home.

The only answer that Moore vouchsafed to the question was to withdraw his right hand from the outside pocket of his overcoat and extend it toward Mrs. Hadley. On the palm of the hand lay a Colt's automatic pistol. He stood gazing intently on the gun and the very steps trembled with his great form as he was torn with rage. He stood tense a moment and then said:

"That gun has in it every load it can carry. If I can find Bill Williams I'll empty it into his carcass if I hang for it the next day. I've nothing to live for now." The deliberation with which he spoke indicated that he had thought the matter out and that he was determined to carry out his purpose.

Moore was in no condition to argue with. He was

in a condition, nervously, to commit any crime if only he could get his man. This was his third night of searching the streets and dives for Bill Williams. He was determined not to let up should it take every night of his life. He would avenge the ruin of his home. There was a sorry day of reckoning on the part of Bill Williams should they meet. Sam Moore filled his place in the machine-shop by day and searched through the nights for his enemy and the enemy of his home.

"You better go home," said Mrs. Hadley, while under her breath she prayed God to give the man back his reason, for it seemed to her as though he were bereft of it.

Captain Hadley and the business man, whom they were conducting through the "district," had returned to the door by this time, wondering what was detaining Mrs. Hadley. They arrived just in time to hear Moore say:

"No, by God, I'll not go home." The two men stopped to listen. Moore continued: "No one can make me go home, I'll not sleep, I'll not rest, I'll search every hell hole in this cursed city until I find him and kill him for the beast he is. I don't care what becomes of me, but this earth must be rid of that servant of the devil, that citizen of hell, when I leave it or he'll kill me first."

Captain Hadley and the business man had slipped into the shadow at one side, unobserved by Sam Moore.

"What's the matter now, Moore?" asked Mrs. Hadley in her calmest manner.

"You know my troubles, Mrs. Hadley," was Moore's answer. "You were good enough to come to us and help us when our trouble started." He drew himself together and continued: "You know how that devil

came into my home and stole my wife away, of how he took her South and later into the West and to what purpose he put her. You came to our home often after that to show my daughter how to do things. Mrs. Hadley, we owe you a whole lot."

"I know all about that," broke in Mrs. Hadley, "but I supposed that that was all over by this time and that you had made up your mind that if your wife and the mother of your daughter thought no more of you than to leave with that brute that you would let her go. Why go back to it after all these months?"

"As God is my witness, Mrs. Hadley, that woman has been cast out of my mind and heart never to find a place in them again. I would not turn a hand against him on that account. She was old enough and was well enough treated not to do such a thing but—" Moore broke down and wept, wept as though his heart would break with the weight of his grief. Mrs. Hadley took hold of him and tried to quiet him.

"Be calm, Sam," she spoke his first name with the hope that the greater familiarity might quiet him, "do not allow yourself to be carried away. What is the matter now?"

"Mrs. Hadley, Bill Williams has got the girl." Moore's breast lifted and fell under his awful rage. He drew himself together. "I'll get him," he hissed it through clinched teeth, "I'll get him yet. I'll find him and kill him like the dog he is deserves to be killed. I don't care what they do with me for they cannot harm me more than he has. I know he has a stand-in with the police and with the political machine that runs this city but when I get through with him he'll be harmless to ruin any more girls and break up any more homes.

"You know that that saloon of his up on Clare Street has never been anything else than a drugging establishment. You know how he has stood and waited for the wink that meant dope in the drink of some poor innocent girl, seated in one of the wine rooms in his place. That wink has meant ruin for some poor innocent child who had entered the place supposing she was going into a respectable eating-house. I'll put an end to his taking part in the business, if I am not able to end the whole business. Wait until I cross his path.

"I heard some days ago that he had returned to the city. Well, when he came back he brought with him some faked letters and, if they were not faked, then she that was once my wife, and who is the mother of my daughter, has turned into a devil under his treatment. Those letters were put into the hands of my daughter. I found out that those letters asked the girl to go to a certain place and meet her mother. They said that her mother wanted to come back home and she thought that perhaps the girl could help to get me to let her come back. Of course the poor innocent child went. She loves her mother. That is natural. I was at work and there was no one to advise her. She was told that she must come at once. She wanted to wait and ask me about it. They told her it must be attended to at once. Mrs. Hadley, that was the last of my poor girl. She's gone and not to her mother. I fear that they are attempting to put her into the traffic.

"I'll kill him, by God, I'll kill him, and I'll never rest until I do, so help me God."

As Moore spoke the last words he raised his right hand in which the gun still lay and pointed heavenward.

Mrs. Hadley, her husband and the business man tried to persuade Moore to go home. Tried to get him to procure Williams' arrest and conviction and to have him punished in the legal way. The business man offered to back him up with all the needed money as a free gift.

"Punished in the legal way!" sneered Sam Moore, in answer to their pleadings. "Punished in the legal way. What is the law good for in this city and county? Go into that establishment," Moore pointed through the door of the Grand. "Go in there and see how the law is regarded. What does the mayor, what does the chief and police force of this city care for law? The chief, under orders of the mayor, would pitch any man off the force that tried to enforce the law. They are not hired to enforce the law, but to wink at it, pull down their salary and put up to the city hall ring and collect silence money for the gang from the dive-keepers. That's the policeman's job here. What can you expect in a city run by a mayor who says that his oath of office is merely a form of induction into office without any serious intent? Read the wine-room laws both of City and State and then go in there. Go into Bill Williams' place and see how the officials enforce the law. Captain Hadley, you know that not a law of God or man is respected in this city by those who are supposed to enforce them. Haven't I been down to the court house and seen the law work here? Didn't I do all that I could, gave them all the evidence in the case of the breaking up of my home by that man Williams at the time he wiled my wife away? What did they do? Laughed at me for not being able to handle my own wife; tipped Williams off that I was on to his game and then

watched me that I did not settle with Williams myself. Why, within a stone's throw of the County Court House, the seat of (in)justice, the residents of this city have to get a card printed and nailed at the side of the door or on the door of the home saying, 'A private family lives here,' in order to save the women folks from insult. Putting up signs, not where disease is, but where it is not. Haven't I seen members of that rotten police force, at the order of the chief, take the oath to tell the truth and the whole truth, then go on the stand and lie like parrots to help the criminals out? Haven't the police of this city hidden, in their own headquarters, criminals wanted in other parts of the State? When a criminal commits a crime in one of those rural counties he hikes for this city to get under cover. Ask the sheriff of any of the rural counties what the law is good for in this city or county. They can tell you, for they know. They have tracked them to the very door and the police have entertained them until the criminal could get out. Law is no good with the gang that is now running the affairs of this city and county.

"No, folks, in this case I'll be the judge and I'll be the executioner, and then I'll know that the job is done. Good night."

Sam Moore turned on his heel and walked with deliberation in the direction of the "district," where sin was rampant, where criminals resorted and where he hoped to find Bill Williams, or get a clue as to his whereabouts, and with a determination that should he find him, he would make him bite dirt before sunrise.

CHAPTER II

THE WAGES OF SIN

SAM MOORE passed from dive to dive, from resort of evil to resort of crime. Into every place he entered he had eyes for just one person. In his heart was one purpose. He sought the destroyer of homes. His motive might be called evil. He believed himself delegated to deliver the city of this one destroyer. What sights did attract his attention only helped to madden him to his purpose and bring his passion to white heat.

"And this is the kind of life to which Bill Williams would bring my daughter Sarah," he would murmur to himself from time to time, as conditions broke upon him. "This is the kind of a life my wife, the mother of my daughter, has deliberately given herself over to. O God, to think that she would leave a home for this!"

Moore left one of the vilest resorts at the hour when the clock in the court house tower tolled out two in the morning. He felt disappointed. He felt that he was not to find his man this night but he had a determination to keep up the search should it take the nights for months to come. He was determined to be avenged of his enemy. He started to walk in the direction of his home, and, just as the clock in the tower tolled out the quarter past two, the air was vibrant with the sound of a pistol shot. It was followed by a second, and

a second later by a third. The shooting ceased. The policeman around the corner blew on his whistle for aides to come up and then, with fear and trembling, rounded the corner in the direction from whence had come the sound of the shots. He found Bill Williams lying in the gutter in a pool of his own blood and standing over the prostrate body, with the smoking gun pointed toward it, waiting for any move which might indicate that there was still some life left in the body, and ready, should he see such evidence, to fire again, stood Sam Moore. He was now as calm as though he had merely finished turning a shaft on his lathe.

"You wrecker of men's homes, you off-scouring of society, you citizen of hell, you incarnate devil, go back to the hell from whence you came and join the company of the damned to which you belong," exclaimed Sam Moore over the prostrate form lying at his feet. In the intensity of his purpose he had not noted the approach of the officer. He did not know that his words were heard by a living soul.

The words were no sooner spoken than a hand was laid on Moore's shoulder. He turned his head and looked into the face of an officer.

"You are under arrest," exclaimed the policeman, excitedly.

Sam Moore submitted quietly to being handcuffed by the policeman, after handing that individual his gun.

"You can do as you please with me now that that brute and friend of the police and city administration is out of the way of doing more harm and ruining the lives of any more innocent girls," Moore said calmly.

The patrol wagon to take Sam Moore to police

headquarters and the city ambulance to remove the body of Bill Williams to the city hospital pulled up at the corner at the same moment.

"Don't be so rough with me," exclaimed Moore, as rough hands were laid heavily upon him and he was being forced in the direction of the patrol wagon. "I'll give you no further trouble. I have nothing to live for now and am ready to pay the penalty your rotten laws have ordained. I am willing to die for my crime, will be happy to die knowing that that man who wrecked my home as well as many another home, that brute who has broken many a mother's heart, is out of the world. Thank God I could send him back to hell."

On the arrival of the patrol at the station house Sam Moore was arraigned and charged with murder in the first degree and was thrown into a cell to await formal action against him.

When the city ambulance arrived at the city hospital with the body of Bill Williams, saloon man, white slaver and friend of the administration, he was taken to the operating room and carefully examined. It was found that he was still alive and the surgeons were put to work in an attempt to revive him.

In Sam Moore's haste and excitement he had failed to hit any vital organ in the body of Bill Williams, and while Williams was weak from the loss of blood and unconscious, for some hours, as a result of a blow on the head as he fell to the pavement, he showed ability to rally.

Sam Moore was held in custody in the city jail for a number of days waiting any turn in Bill Williams' condition. The recovery was slow, but at the end of two weeks he was pronounced to be out of danger and the charge of murder which had lain against Sam

Moore was dropped, and a charge of assault with a deadly weapon with the intent to kill was laid against him. He was transferred to the County jail to await trial on the charge.

The trial was brought on in the District Court as soon as it was possible. Unusual interest centered in the coming trial, for the whole story had received large space from day to day in the papers of the city. Nearly all of the papers stood in with the city administration and little was said that could be construed as favorable to Sam Moore. A few of the less important papers had attacked the white slavers and had gone so far as to bring charges against some of the officials of the city and county as being implicated in aiding and abetting the evil by winking at the corruption and for allowing the illegal wine rooms to be operated contrary to the law and ordinances.

Another item which had aroused interest in the coming trial was a hint thrown out by the lawyers for the defense that, at the proper moment, they would present a witness who would clear the defendant. Every one surmised that Sarah Moore had been located and would be put on the stand to aid her father's cause. It was also freely hinted that Sam Moore's wife was to be brought on to give evidence against her husband.

Bill Williams' wife had died of a broken heart, as a result of the business in which her husband was engaged and because of the brutal treatment he had accorded her, but her son, Robert Williams, now twenty-two years of age, was to be brought home from the State University in order to give evidence in behalf of his father.

Sam Moore was intensely interested in the coming trial. Had his victim died, he would have been willing

to pay the full penalty of the law, but now he wanted to live, wanted to be free, but only that he might get another chance, and he promised himself that next time he would not bungle the job as he had this time.

Moore received a surprise one day in his cell when there called to see him one of the City's most prosperous business men and with him the ablest lawyer in the northern part of the State of Ohio. They were closeted together for more than two hours and Moore was offered counsel, told to be patient and not to worry on account of expenses, for none of the expense would be assessed against him or his little home, as lawyers' fees and all other items of expense were being taken care of by a few men who believed in the justice of his cause.

The case had to be delayed for some weeks for the defense was in search of Sarah Moore, whose evidence they expected to use to clear her father and it was also hoped that her presence would have the effect of cheering Sam Moore up and inspiring him with a determination to fight the case to the last minute.

Sam Moore had many sympathizers in the city and surrounding country. Threats had been made, by more than one man, to take up the work of Sam Moore and finish it. People were becoming interested in Moore's cause, as the facts in the case leaked out from day to day. Delay seemed to be turning the tide in Moore's favor.

In due time all the preliminaries, usual in such cases, were disposed of. The motions to quash the indictments and other motions necessary upon which to base a demand for a new trial or for an appeal, were made and passed upon by the court and the case was ready to be heard on its merits.

The calmest individual in the court room was Sam Moore, for he felt that he had done what was right and come what might, he would gladly accept it, but he did want to be free, free once more to finish his bungled job.

CHAPTER III

THE VERDICT

THE jury having been sworn in and seated, the attorney for the State of Ohio arose, addressed the court and jury, and commenced to deliver his opening statement. It followed the usual form in such cases. In the statement there was graphically pictured to the jury an innocent man, "A citizen of the great Commonwealth of Ohio, peacefully walking through the streets of our quiet city when suddenly, and without a word of warning, with no opportunity given him to defend himself, he is waylaid and shot down in cold blood by that man whom you are called to pass judgment upon. It is not the fault of the defendant in this case, that Mr. Williams is still living. He intended to kill him. In the trial of this case we will prove to you, by competent witnesses, that Samuel Moore, the defendant in this action, deliberately planned this attack, that for three whole nights he walked the streets of this city in search of his victim and when he found him he shot him down, then stood over him with a gun, determined to finish his work should he see any sign of life in the body, lying prostrate before him. No murder was ever committed after more deliberate meditation, and that Mr. Williams is not dead is no fault of Samuel Moore."

The prosecutor, having completed his preliminary

statement, sat down and the attorney for the defense arose and addressed himself to the court and jury. He willingly admitted the shooting, admitted that it was carefully planned, but told the jury that there would be produced by him, in the course of the trial, witnesses who would prove that there was sufficient provocation to justify the act.

"We will produce witnesses," said the attorney for the defense, "who will prove to you that Samuel Moore, the defendant in this action, shot Williams down in the defense of the purity and integrity of his home; that his peaceful home was entered by said Williams and an attack made against it sufficient to provoke any man to defend its integrity as he would its life."

All who sat in the court room realized that the defense was going to plead the unwritten law as a defense and lay their hopes and claims for a favorable verdict on that line of defense solely.

The first witness for the State was Bill Williams. After being sworn he recited the story of his actions on the night of the shooting, so far as he remembered them. It merely touched on the part of Moore's approaching him.

"The next thing I knew I awoke in the city hospital," concluded Williams.

Every question put to Williams by the attorney for the defense was objected to by the attorney for the prosecution and the court upheld the objections, as they were all based on the statement that they would be self-incriminating.

Robert Williams, the son, was called to the stand. He was a young man who would have attracted attention in any company, and more especially so by contrasting him with his father and the business in which

the father was engaged. Robert was powerfully built, in fact he was one of the greatest athletes who had ever worn the uniform of the State University in all of that famous school's athletic history. He was a great favorite in school circles, both with the members of the faculty and student body. His features were not those of his father. It was evident that back of Robert Williams there was a godly and strong mother who had not only bestowed upon her son attractive features but had instilled into his mind, notwithstanding, and perhaps on account of, the business in which the father was engaged, the true principles of life.

Little was added by Robert Williams to aid the prosecution, for it was little he knew of the incidents surrounding the case. In fact, had he been pressed, he would have been compelled to give up some very damaging evidence for the prosecution. He had been called as a witness by the prosecution with the hope that he might say a word by way of building up a character for his father, but all he was able to do was to tell of how his father provided for him while in school. Under cross-examination it was drawn from him that he knew very little concerning his father or of the business in which he was engaged. He manifested no interest whatever in the business of his father and rather showed a disposition to frown on it rather than look upon it with favor.

The city police who were called to give evidence said what they were taught to say. Bill Williams had too much on the officers, from the highest to the lowest, for them to tell anything which would injure his case. The city doctors, nurses and others who had anything to do with the case were called. The taking of evidence by the prosecution was a mere formality. The

evidence was all admitted by the defense beforehand. The State rested and the defense called Samuel Moore as the first witness.

Moore calmly told the story of the night's wanderings and of his finding Bill Williams and shooting him down. He recited the causes for the action and detailed to the jury, under protest of the attorneys for the prosecution, how Williams had entered his home and broken it up, first by taking away his wife and the mother of his daughter, and later of how he had designed on and got his daughter. He then told of the uses to which he had attempted to put the girl. As Moore told his story it was evident that the sympathy of the spectators was all his, but so far as the members of the jury were concerned, nothing could be gathered of their feelings from their looks or actions.

"Gentlemen of the jury," pleaded Sam Moore as he closed, "have you any daughters at home? What would you do? You'd do what I did even had you to follow the enemy of your home into hell." The prosecutor objected and Sam Moore turned on him: "God forbid that your daughter shall ever come to what mine has, but if she is ever taken as mine was and you fail to avenge her, then you are something less than a man."

The moment Sam Moore stepped out of the witness box the prosecution asked the privilege of calling another witness. They believed that this was the hour to spring a surprise. The privilege being granted, Sam Moore's wife stepped into the witness stand. She was a woman of splendid proportions and exceedingly attractive in features, but one could see at a glance that the life of the past few months was telling on her and that a few years in the life of the brothel would make of her a fit subject to illustrate how low a woman

can sink once she starts on the road to ruin. Her evidence was intended to show that Bill Williams had nothing to do with her going away from home. That while he had gone with her and paid her bills she was perfectly willing to go. Under direct examination, by the attorney for the prosecution, the attempt was made to prove that Sam Moore had been untrue to his wife, that he had accorded her improper treatment, that he had abused her when at home and that he spent his nights away from home and that she did not know where and he would not tell her. Questioned relative to the departure of her daughter, Sarah, she claimed that she had written the letters, and that when she wrote them she was sincere. She could not tell how the letters came into the possession of Bill Williams. Under cross-examination her testimony broke down in many points, but in the main she held to her story.

As the mother was dismissed the attorney for the defense, in a clear voice, called the next witness in behalf of Sam Moore and Sarah Moore came forward. Her mother trembled as she saw the girl walk forward to be sworn. Sam Moore's eyes filled with tears and his heart filled with joy at seeing his daughter once more. Sarah Moore stepped to her father's side and they held each other in long embrace and wept. Neither the father nor the mother had any knowledge of the girl's whereabouts and neither of them knew that she was to be brought into the case. A hush like death fell on the court room as the beautiful black-haired, brown-eyed daughter of Sam Moore stepped into the witness box, with firm hopeful tread. Her story of the home life of the Moores up to the time when Bill Williams had entered it, was a thing of beauty. The picture showed a home of confidence and

happiness. It was the picture of a home compelled to be humble because of the meagre income and the expense of city life and the effort to save a little each week in order to make the payments on the house they had purchased. It was the story of a once happy home into which the serpent had crept. She told of how loving the life of her father and mother had been, of how they had always spent their evenings together, that their Sabbaths were always spent in attendance on the services of the church of which they were all members and that they would go to one of the city parks together to spend their Sabbath afternoons. She told the jury that she had never seen her father angry with her mother and never heard him speak a harsh word to her. With tears in her eyes she told of her mother falling in with a neighbor woman, and of how they used to go out together and spend the afternoon; that she noted quite a change in her mother's actions toward her father and herself as the weeks went by. She then rehearsed how her mother used to be out frequently at night and how she seemed embarrassed when she attempted to explain her absence. She told the court how all this worried her father and of how he sat up many a night, with his head buried in his hands, waiting for her to return.

"I would come to kiss him good night," she said, "and he would hold me to him as though he feared that some harm might come to me. He sighed very often. I have slipped out of my bed and tip toed to the door and looked at him sitting by the stove, with a worried look on his face.

"One day," continued Sarah, while an awful hush fell over the court room, "she went away and did not return that night at all. Father sat up all night and

left for his work the next morning without eating a bite of breakfast. He said he couldn't eat. Mother did not come back and after months had passed father told me he wanted to have a talk with me. I was then sixteen years of age. We sat by the window together and darkness was creeping on us. He told me that he was done with mother forever. That he would never have a thing to do with her again for he had learned that she used to spend her afternoons and evenings in the company of a saloon man down on Clare Street, and that the man had finally taken her away and that we had better wipe her out of our thoughts as she had given herself over to a life of sin and wrong.

"'You are sure of what you say, father?' I asked.

"'Daughter,' he answered, 'I have all the evidence. She is in a Western city now. She has sold herself into ruin.' He broke down and wept till I thought his heart would break. I never saw my mother again until I saw her sitting there. I did not hear my mother's evidence in this case. I do not know what she said but I have told you the truth. My mother sitting there knows it is the truth."

As the words fell from Sarah's lips her mother rose and walked from the court room. She was never heard of or seen again. Where she went and what became of her eternity alone will make known.

Sarah Moore then told of how happily she and her father had been living together and of how well they were getting along, of how she quit school when she was sixteen, having graduated from the Central High School, and that she kept house for her father. She told of a woman coming to the house one day and after sitting and visiting for a little while how she had shown her some letters.

in the indictment."

Sam Moore looked the jury squarely in the eye and then turned affectionately toward his daughter who, at that very moment, collapsed and was saved from falling to the floor by the strong arms of Robert Williams, who gently carried her from the room, called a cab and took her to her home. The court at once passed sentence upon Sam Moore, sending him to the State Penitentiary for a period of ten years.

CHAPTER IV

STRAINED RELATIONS

ON Bill Williams' return to his home, at the close of the trial, he was troubled in mind. His son had refused to take the stand the second time in his behalf, and when the attorney for the State, and the father, tried to force him he turned upon them and threatened to reveal some family history that would in every probability cause some trouble for the prosecution and eventually bring the father into the clutches of the law.

Bill Williams paced the floor of his office wondering what part of the family history the boy knew and if he knew the whole history, to what part did he refer. He wondered if the boy had remembered some things that had taken place when he was a mere lad in the home, wondered how those events struck him now that he was grown to manhood and had become to a degree acquainted with life. He wished he could know for certain what was in his son's mind as a result of the information the boy had received during the trial, relative to his business. Such questionings were going on in the mind of Bill Williams. He could find no answer.

It was as father and son sat down at the table for dinner together that evening that the strained relationships evidenced themselves most. Robert Williams had promised himself that he would not open the subject of

the trial nor mention his father's part in the breaking up of the home of the Moores unless compelled to do so. The troubled condition of the father's mind was evident to the son in his father's every act. Several times during the progress of the meal Bill Williams leaned back in his chair and sighed heavily. He would stop eating and seem to lose himself.

At the conclusion of the meal they sat in silence for some minutes. The servant left the room and the father asked his son to accompany him into the den or smoking room as he wished to have a talk with him privately and where they would not be disturbed. The servant was called and told not to admit any one unless by her master's orders. It was some minutes after the two men were closeted together, and when the silence had become oppressive, that Bill Williams broke it. Robert had determined not to speak first and to say as little as possible should he be drawn into a discussion.

"I'm sorry that you were called into this case to give evidence," said the father. "I would have preferred that you had been kept in ignorance concerning the events in my life which the evidence of the defense brought out and most of which I cannot deny. I could not keep the attorney for the prosecution from summoning you, for he expected by your evidence and presence to build up a character for me. In doing so, however, he has shown you the kind of a man your father really is and I fear that you can never look upon me as you have in the past."

"For my part," answered Robert, "I am glad that I was brought into the case, for it only helped to confirm certain conclusions at which I had almost arrived concerning you. I know how you treated my mother.

Since completing my studies in physiological chemistry, I have seen my mother's face ever before me. My very dreams haunt me. You drugged her out of this world and without her even suspecting it and the world never knowing the cause of her death. You tried to cover it up by an elaborate funeral and wailing at the grave. To crown your infamy you placed a fine monument at her grave. God! how it must mock you. I was only a child, but I can still remember your actions after the funeral. I never knew the woman you brought to the house and made me believe was to be my new mother. I do not know how you got rid of her, but you do. Do not try to stop me talking for I'm going to have my say, now that I have started, even if you are my father. Why did you want to be rid of my mother? Never did a man have a better wife or a boy a better mother. God, how I wish I had her yet! The trouble was that her life was so pure and clean and uplifting that it was a continual remonstrance against the dirty life you were living and the rotten business in which you were engaged.

"You were not satisfied to make our name a hissing and a sneer by being in the saloon business, but on top of that you had to open the wine rooms and dope the drinks, even dopping lemonade given to innocent children.

"You did not know that that girl, a victim of your trade in girls, the daughter of the man whose home you have ruined, was to be brought into the case. You did not expect her to be found and brought here to tell the story of your infamy. You thought you had fixed things with those who had her in charge. Well, others have money as well as you, and in this case your employee took your money to keep the girl and

other folks' money to let the girl go and keep her mouth shut about it. You were swept off your feet when you saw her. Her mother's evidence, on which you had built your hopes, did not amount to much when the girl got through. If that jury had not been fixed and well fixed by your money, Sam Moore would have gone free on the evidence of that girl alone. If you think, however, that her story was hard on you what do you think of my position? My father's deeds have been read by every man in the Fraternity house where I make my home at the University; every professor under whom I sit knows it all. Will they despise me on account of my father's life and business? I almost fear to go back and meet them.

"My God, when I got a vision of the daughter of Sam Moore, as she gave her evidence against you, I fell in love with her. She is the only girl who has ever touched my heart."

"What, fell in love with the daughter of a prison bird?" exclaimed the father, without thinking of the opening he made for a come-back on the part of his son.

"He may occupy a cell in the State penitentiary," answered the son, "but if you are not in a worse prison than he is, if you do not suffer in the future days of your life more than Sam Moore does, then I will miss my guess."

"That girl is not fit to be considered by you. Could you not see, could you not read between the lines in her evidence," said Bill Williams, "and realize that she has sinned against her own body? She has no virtue to offer you."

"She has no virtue to offer me!" yelled Robert Williams, as he leaped to his feet and stood menacingly

over his father. "Where is her virtue? Who stole it from her against her will or wish? Did she give herself up willingly? Has she ever done a wrong when from under the influence of some drug administered either by you or some fiend of your ilk? Sarah Moore may have had her body sinned against, but her soul is as pure as the soul of an infant. Her virtue, even at this hour, is as immaculate and unsullied as a babe's and she can, even yet, offer as pure a soul and clean a mind as any woman who was ever offered to a man at God's holy altar. The last individual upon this earth to mention that girl and the wrongs she has been forced to commit is the fiend who first drugged her and then attempted her ruin. What have I, the son of a white slaver and a saloon-keeper, to offer her? Will she look at me when she recovers from the agony of this hour?

"This hour, as love for Sarah Moore consumes me, I pledge myself to do all in my power to undo the wrong that has been done, not only this girl but others, by my father, and I do so in the name of the God whom I serve and in the memory of my sainted mother who suffered even until death at the hand of the one whom she accepted as her protector."

"You must not think seriously of this girl," exclaimed the father in rage.

"Who says I must not? You, you who have attempted to ruin her, to sell her into the hands of the devil and his minions," said Robert. "If I tried a thousand times to cast Sarah Moore out of my heart, I could not. She lodged there the moment I cast my eyes upon her. Her soul was burned into mine as she sat and told her story. I will stand by her. I will not stand back from claiming her as my own because

my father has attempted to effect her ruin and mar her body."

Robert Williams walked from the room with determination written in his very movements. That night he left for the State University, to continue his studies, from which he expected to graduate in the following June, but not before he called on Sarah.

Bill Williams returned again to his business and the experiences through which he had just passed did not in the least affect him or his business. If the events of the past days had any effect on him, it was only to increase his fiendishness. He was even more watchful for young and promising girls than before and to his establishment many a girl's steps could be traced but once across the threshold she was lost to her friends as fully as though she had fallen into the raging waters of the Niagara.

CHAPTER V

THE COIL OF THE SERPENT

NO sooner had Robert Williams returned to the State University than his father employed a detective to keep watch over his son. He was anxious to know if a friendship was growing between Sarah Moore and his son Robert that might eventuate in the union of their lives.

The detective discovered, in the course of a few days, that on Sam Moore being taken to the penitentiary, his daughter was forced to go to work. She had rented the house and reserved a room in it for her own use while she went to work in one of the dry goods stores in the city. The detective discovered that Sarah fought her battle bravely but that at times she was discouraged and depressed. She was, however, becoming more and more reconciled to the lot, not only of herself but of her father. There was something which caused her, amid all her troubles, to be happy, and that something was discovered to be the numerous letters which she received from one of the Fraternity houses at the State University.

The detective succeeded one day, in the absence of the tenants of the Moore house, in removing one of the letters from the mail box. He hurried to bring it to Bill Williams, who, on receiving it, tore it open and read it with evident trouble. He read the letter over

and over, for its contents revealed to him the fact that the young people were advancing in their love affair with great rapidity. In fact, the letter spoke of the hope of being able to bring about a marriage very soon after the University closed in June. It went on to state that Robert believed that it would be possible to secure the release of Sam Moore. Before the letter closed Robert said that he thought he could bring his father to sign a petition to the Governor for the release.

"I'll see him in hell before I'll sign to have him released," said Bill Williams as he finished reading the letter. "Does the boy think I am fool enough to sign my own death warrant, for that would be what I would be doing to help get Moore from behind the bars. My safety lies in keeping him there."

Bill Williams sat for some minutes contemplating the subject matter of his son's letter to Sarah. The longer he thought of it the more furious and desperate he got. He stepped from his office into the barroom and helped himself to a glass of whiskey, and a moment later put on his coat and hat, without speaking a word to any one, and walked through the barroom and out to the street. He hailed a passing cab, climbed in and the cab started down Clare Street in the direction of the "district." That he had in his head some devilish scheme, could be seen from the expression of his face and his manner. It did not take him long, after reaching the "district," to find the party he wanted and to accomplish his mission.

Sarah Moore, it was known, took her meals in a downtown restaurant. A few days after Bill Williams had read his son's letter to Sarah, she went into the restaurant and seated herself at a small table near the

wall. It was a table accommodating but two persons, seating them opposite each other. A moment after Sarah had seated herself, a large portly woman came forward and took the chair opposite her. Sarah gave her order to the waitress and the portly woman asked to have it duplicated for herself.

While the meal was being prepared and brought on a conversation was started, the portly woman opening it up by motherly inquiries concerning Sarah and her business. To a stranger it would have appeared that they were mother and daughter, or at least very fast friends, for they seemed, to the casual observer, to be enjoying each other's company.

In but a few minutes the waitress arrived with the orders and served Sarah and the woman opposite her, asked if there was anything else they wished for and then turned to give her attention to the people at the next table. The waitress had no sooner turned her back than Sarah's companion dropped her napkin to the floor, directly under the table. It fell at Sarah's feet and she kindly offered to pick it up. She bent under the table to do so and at the very moment, and while her head was under the table, the contents of a small vial was deftly emptied into her coffee cup. So dexterously was the act performed that no one in the room observed it. On Sarah drawing up to the table and handing the napkin to the woman opposite her, she received a very warm thanks and started to partake of the meal before her.

"What a peculiar feeling I have in my head," Sarah said after some minutes.

"What is wrong, my dear?" asked the woman opposite her. "You really look sick."

By the time the words were spoken Sarah Moore

collapsed and fell forward on the table, causing such a commotion that it attracted the attention of many of the people in her direction. Assistance was offered by most of the men in the immediate vicinity.

"She is a friend of mine," said the woman who sat at the table by Sarah. "I invited her in to have lunch with me to-day. I cannot conceive what can be the matter with her. Poor child has had a great deal of trouble of late and has been forced to go to work in one of the stores. No doubt the work and worry have well-nigh broken her down."

The woman then picked two men, who had come forward, and asked them to carry Sarah out and she would get a cab and take her to her home and nurse her back to strength. The two men indicated picked Sarah up and carried her out and the cab, which had been arranged for, and that was well-known by the men who took Sarah out, in fact it was the cab in which they had come, stood at the curb with the door wide open and the portly woman standing by it.

Everything was done so rapidly and with such smoothness that not a suspicion was aroused. No sooner did the door of the eating-house close behind the men carrying the girl out than the place assumed its usual decorum, for it was not an uncommon thing to have some one turn sick and have to be helped out.

The cab with Sarah in it drove through the streets for more than an hour and then pulled up in front of the Union station. The westbound train was just ready to pull out and Sarah Moore, "a sick girl," was carried out by the two men and placed in the stateroom where she came to some hours later, and sitting opposite her was the woman who had left the restaurant with her.

"Where am I?" Sarah asked, rubbing her eyes and holding her head. "What has happened to me?"

"You remember you got sick in the Restaurant," said the woman who had moved to her side. "The doctor said that you were under a nervous strain and must have a change of air and surroundings, that the experiences of the past months were telling on you and that you were on the verge of a nervous collapse."

"But I am all right now. I can go back to my work," said Sarah. "They will wonder what has happened to me over at the store, for I should be at my counter."

"We sent word to the store of your condition and everything will be all right," was the answer Sarah received.

"I feel as though I had been drugged," said Sarah after some minutes of silence. "I have been drugged before and everything was the same this time, but I could not have been drugged. There was no man there to do it. I know the girl who waited on me would not do it, for we have been getting rather friendly of late."

Sarah sat in silence for more than an hour and then said dreamily: "Where are you taking me to? Are you going to stay with me? Who is paying the bills, for I cannot afford to take a rest?"

A moment later Sarah sank to sleep, to awake in a house on Customs Place, in a Mid-Western city. As she awoke she sat up in her bed and saw, through the open doorway, into the adjoining room. What she saw told her the whole story for she knew that she was back in a den of vice and the woman who brought her here was in the trade. On asking for the woman Sarah was told that she had left as soon as she was placed in her bed. "Gone back to seek another innocent victim,"

thought Sarah.

Sarah arose to dress herself but her own clothes were not to be found. She found the loose-fitting clothes used in the resort and with these she dressed herself and walked out into the adjoining room to see if she could find out anything concerning herself or her whereabouts.

"A nice, fresh one just from her mother's arms," said a vile wretch, once called a man, as he arose from his seat at the side of one of the denizens of the "district" and strolled over to the side of Sarah. As he laid his vile hands on her, in an attempt to draw her to himself, she struck out like a tigress and ripped the skin and flesh from both cheeks. It was done with such speed and viciousness that the man had no opportunity to protect himself.

"You she-cat," he said in anger. He gripped her so that she could not fight back, bent her back almost to the floor. "I'll teach you something you need to learn."

Sarah Moore screamed at the very top of her voice, with the result that the Madam rushed in, forced the man away from Sarah and then took Sarah by the shoulders and pushed her into her room. The Madam was afraid that the outcry might attract the police and the place be pulled. All attempts to coax Sarah from her room were of no avail. She sat in the room alone. She thought of Robert Williams and wished that by some means she might let him know of her condition. She thought of her father in the penitentiary and wondered how he was getting along. She wondered why all this had befallen them.

"I'll be true to Robert," she said to herself at length, "even should they kill me. I'll die pure as the lily.

Never will I allow myself to be used as they would use me in this dive." With the utterance of the last word she fell on her knees by the side of the bed and prayed, prayed in an agony, prayed with such fervor that none could question her faith in God or her belief that God had it in His power to save her.

How often have souls cried to God from such surroundings! Girls who could not get the ear of an earthly father who would believe them when they told them that they were not there of their own volition.

No answer coming to his numerous letters to Sarah Moore, Robert Williams made an excuse to run up home over Sunday. He was sure that something was wrong. He knew his father and knew that he would stop at nothing in his effort to keep him and Sarah apart.

On arriving at his home on Saturday evening, he went to the Moore home to enquire after Sarah. After he entered the house he asked the woman, who rented the place from Sarah, where she was.

"She left two weeks ago last Monday to go to her work and we have not heard from her or about her since, except that a woman came here that Monday evening and said that Sarah had gone into the country with a friend and would be away for several days. That's all we know," was the answer the woman gave to Robert's questions. Robert was turning to leave the house, more confirmed than before that there was foul play, when the woman said:

"Wait a minute, here is her mail." She walked into the adjoining room and, returning, handed the bunch of letters to Robert. All of the letters were from himself except two, and they bore the post-mark of the State penitentiary.

"Have you done anything to find her?" asked Robert in desperation.

"Why, no, we hain't done nothing," was the answer. "She sent word fair enough that she would not be back for some days and I think I know better than start anything about the poor child that might cause her trouble. She's had trouble enough. I do not know anything about her relatives or friends and suppose she has gone to visit some of them for a while. She needs a rest, poor thing. I can't expect her to tell me her private business."

"Did it not surprise you that she did not write and ask you to forward her mail?" asked Robert.

"Never thought of that," answered the woman. "We get so little mail ourselves that we don't know much about such things."

Robert Williams left the house and spent Saturday night and all day Sunday in an attempt to find some trace of Sarah but his efforts bore no fruit. He observed, however, that his father was troubled on account of his visit but he dare not ask him anything about her. He knew that he must play a waiting game. Robert returned to school satisfied in his own mind that Sarah had not gone of her own volition and that if she had she would have kept him informed of her every move. He knew that she was so situated that she could not get any word to him. He was almost convinced that his father knew where she was and had had a hand in getting her out of the way.

A month later was graduation week at the State University, with all its activities. Robert scarcely had time to think, but no sooner were the exercises of the week over than he boarded a train for home and got busy in an attempt to locate his sweetheart and, if

possible, rescue her. The very fact that he had not heard from her for all these weeks intensified his affection for her and made him realize what his life would be without her.

He learned in a few days of the girl who took sick and was carried from the restaurant. He found the girl who had waited on Sarah and got from her a description of the woman who sat opposite Sarah on the day of her disappearance. He did not know the woman, but he had seen a woman answering the description, enter his father's private office on the Sunday when he came up to see why his letters were not answered. He knew that they had been closeted together for some time and he learned from a very personal friend in the bank that his father had drawn a considerable amount of money on the Saturday afternoon preceding the visit of the woman. He knew now that it was the work of his father and that it was done for the purpose of keeping him and Sarah from ever meeting again.

On the following Tuesday Robert Williams was called to the telephone to answer a long-distance call. It proved to be from the State University and from one of his chums who was staying at the University pursuing some special lines of investigation during the summer. As soon as the two friends were connected up Robert received the following message:

"The following telegram came to your address a few minutes ago. Before forwarding I took the liberty of opening it to see if it was worth the price of forwarding."

"In God's name, who is it from and what does it say?" asked Robert.

"Am in a house on Customs Place in this city.

Number unknown. Was drugged and brought here. Uninjured yet. Come. Sarah.'” That was the message Robert got. A middle Western City was named.

Robert Williams did not take the time to thank his chum, not even to hang up the receiver but dropping everything he rushed out in search of his father.

CHAPTER VI

FORCED TO SURRENDER

BILL WILLIAMS was not in the least surprised when his son came rushing excitedly into his office, for the message which had aroused the son had been spoken into the ear of the father as he sat at the telephone extension in his office. He knew that his son was unable to go to Sarah, for he had exhausted his college allowance for the year and was without funds to cover the expense. He had a minute's time, while his son was coming to his office, in which to make up his mind what course he would pursue should the son determine to ask him to supply the needed money.

The moment Robert Williams entered his father's office he walked up to the side of his father and, in a determined manner, looked him squarely in the eye for what seemed to Bill Williams an interminable time. As the father looked up from his desk and saw his son's face, he knew that something was coming. He did not know what to expect. He knew the mettle of his son, knew his aggressive nature and he feared, as he sat there, that the boy might leap upon him and crush him to the earth, for he felt, as he gazed up into the son's face, that the boy knew that he had had a hand in the taking of Sarah Moore away. He also felt that his son knew it was done before his return from the University in the hope of keeping the young couple apart.

His conscience was smiting him and making of him a coward.

"Father," and the boy's voice trembled with holy indignation as he spoke, "I have come to ask a favor of you. I want to borrow from you the sum of five hundred dollars."

"What do you want that amount of money for?" asked the father as quietly as though he did not know anything about his son's affairs.

"I have a matter of business which calls me to the West and I must leave on the first train," was the answer of the son.

"What are you going West for and what do you intend to do when you get there that you will need that amount of money?" asked the father. As he spoke, he turned and faced his son and the boy knew, with one glance into his father's face, that his father had been eavesdropping and knew why he wanted to go West in such haste.

"You do not need to ask that question of me," answered Robert in anger. "You know well enough what I want to go for or rather who I want to go for. Will you loan me the amount of money I have asked for and will you let me have it at once?"

"No, not a — cent," came the answer, in positiveness from the father's lips. "You may want to find that girl and marry her but no girl of her stamp, taken from a house of ill-fame, shall ever carry my name if I can hinder it and I think I can hinder it for I have the gang that will help me do it, even if they have to strangle her. Shut up! don't try to break in on me when I'm speaking. I don't care if I am to blame for her being where she is, she's there and she'll stay there for I know how to keep her there and no one can take

her from me and live."

As the last words came from Bill Williams' lips he rose from his seat and walked across the floor of his office toward the door leading to the street, with the intention of passing out and leaving his son to calm himself. Robert was not to be so easily gotten rid of. He leaped in front of his father and took hold of the knob on the door, pressed the door shut, turned the key in it, withdrew the key and dropped it into his pocket. He then turned on his father and took a few steps in his direction. The father backed toward the center of the room. Father and son stood there staring into each other's eyes for a moment, like two enraged animals, ready for the leap. Robert, in the justice of his cause, never flinched, the father in his guilt was uneasy. The father lost his self-control, dropped his eyes toward the floor and the son, seeing his father cower, took a step toward him and said:

"I have kept my hands off of you and hope to be able to do so always, but I want to say that you may sink that girl into as deep a hell as you and your minions occupy, but I'll follow her there and I'll find her and I'll give her your name, and if my love for her and my care over her can ever repay the debt you owe for your cruel wrongs committed against her, then I will repay it all, come what may."

"You will get no help from me then," exclaimed the father. "I'll disown you first and then cast you from my door like a dog, you ingrate, you. Open that door and let me pass out and do it before I force you to. Do not get the notion into your head that you can do as you like with me simply because you have been away to school and starred as an athlete. I'm not afraid of you. I'll show you who's boss around here. Open

that door, I command you."

"You sit down in that chair at your desk and do not be very long about it." Robert was in no temper to play with, and the father knew it for he had been closely watching him for some minutes. Every muscle in the boy's body was taut, as he continued to speak. "I have been mild in my demands on you but I will not be so any longer. The money my mother received from her father I will have from you with interest even to the last cent. You forced it from her fearing that, in the event of her death, I would get it. I'll go from your house, never to enter it again, but when I go I'll take what belongs to me with me."

"How do you expect to get it?" asked the father in surprising calmness.

"Better ask me how I know you got it. Well, I know all about that and a good deal more that is not highly complimentary to my father," answered the boy. "I have all the evidence against you. Will you turn to that desk and write me a check for the sum of seven thousand five hundred dollars?"

"Not by a — sight. I'll see you in hell first," exclaimed the father as he reached for a revolver that lay in an open drawer in front of him. He put his hand on it but before he could close his fingers around it, Robert gripped his wrist, gave it a quick twist and commanded his father to drop the gun. Bill Williams obeyed the command and leaned back in his chair, regarding his son. Bill Williams was brought to bay.

"Write that check!" commanded the son in anger.

"You are going to have a long wait if you intend to stay here until I comply with that demand," answered the father. "You will not get a cent."

"You would force me to it," said the son. "Write

that check or behind the bars you go and to the gallows after the trial."

"Oh, you can't bluff me," said the father. "I'm not afraid of you or any one else. This is not the first time attempts have been made to hold me up. What can you do against me?"

"I can tell what I know," hissed the son from between clinched teeth. "See this paper, well all that I need to do is to go down to the Court House, swear to it, put it in the hands of the proper officials of the Court and it ends your career. Will you make out and sign that check?"

"Not for fear of all that you know about me," answered the father. "Where did you ever find out anything against me?"

For answer Robert opened the sheets of paper he held in his hand and a moment later commenced to read:

"I, Robert Williams, of the age of twenty-two, do solemnly swear that the following statements are true and that I hold in my possession all the proofs and the names of the witnesses."

"Shall I go on?" asked Robert. "Do you want to know all that I know about you, all that I can prove on you?"

"All that you know cannot harm me," sneered the father. "You, nothing but a child," he concluded contemptuously.

"You will find," replied the son, "that circumstances have made a matured man out of your child. You seem to want it, so I'll tell you what I know and you can see if you want to face it in court."

Robert then commenced to read the deposition he had drawn up in his own way:

"My father, William Williams, better known as Bill Williams the saloon man, drugged my mother when she was only seventeen years of age. While she was under the influence of the drug he effected her ruin. She got away from him and returned to her home in the country. On the little farm owned by her father she gave birth to a son a few weeks after her return. I am that son."

"Do you want any more?" asked Robert.

"What harm can that do me? I married her and made good to her afterwards," was the answer of the father, but it was evident to the son that the father was losing his grit. Bill Williams did not know that his son knew any of these things and it troubled him to know how he had found them out and how much more he knew. He still bluffed it out.

"Some days following my birth two of my uncles, brothers of my mother, left the farm home and went to the city. They found said William Williams, my father, and forced him to marry their sister, my mother, whom he had ruined. At the death of my mother's parents, soon after the marriage, my mother received five thousand dollars from their estate. She scarcely got her hands on the money until she was forced to give it into the hands of my father. From the day that my father got his hands on that money my mother never knew what happiness was. She never did know the love of a husband. She got no help in raising me. She was scolded from the time my father entered the house until he left it again and frequently she received physical punishment at his hands. She was a woman of delicate and refined tendencies. All such abuse told on her body and mind. On more than one occasion, when I was a mere lad, I have seen my

father strike my mother with his fist and once he struck her with something he held in his hand. I was only six years old at that time but I remember it all as though it happened yesterday. My mother fell to the floor and the blood was flowing from a gash in her head. My father never tried to help her up but walked out of the house, leaving her on the floor, with the great gash in her head. I can see that awful wound yet. I ran to the door and screamed. A man came running. I could not tell him what was wrong but I led him into the house and when he saw my mother on the floor he went for a doctor. My mother was laid up for many days."

"Do you want me to read any more?" asked Robert of his father.

His father sat in silence and the son read a list of names of people who could witness to the facts recited.

"And I suppose you think that that will send me to prison," at last the father remarked. "Well, it won't. You have only shown me guilty of assault and battery and abuse of your mother's person. She's dead and the deeds recited are outlawed."

"We will see, then, if this is outlawed," answered Robert, and commenced to read:

"On many occasions, when I was but a lad, I saw my father put something into my mother's coffee. She never seemed to be real well after that and he refused her the services of a doctor and told her angrily that there was nothing the matter with her, that it was all in her mind and that he guessed she was going crazy. At times she went into spasms and finally died in one of them, drugged to death by her sworn protector."

"By God, you can't prove that," yelled Bill Williams.

"I'll show you whether I can prove it or not. Write

that check for seven thousand five hundred dollars, sign your name to it and hand it to me at once or out I go and to the authorities with this," said Robert.

"You can't blackmail me," answered the father. "I've seen too much of the seamy side of life to be bluffed out of my money."

"Hand me that money and this paper is yours, refuse and I'll show you whether you will be sent up for the murder of your wife, my mother, or not," said Robert. "If you as husband and father had a right to murder her for the money, then I, as son, have a right to tell how my mother came to her death if it is not returned to me. It could not do my mother any good to use this evidence against you now, so I make you this offer. Accept it or reject it.

"No use putting your hand toward that gun again. You can't use it on me. Hand me that signed check."

Bill Williams turned to his desk, wrote the check and signed it and then handed it to his son Robert, with an oath. The boy took the check and examined it carefully and when satisfied with it he handed his father the paper from which he had just been reading, and left the office.

No sooner was Robert out of the room than, standing outside the door, he heard his father ask Central for the telephone connection of the bank on which the check was drawn. The father had just asked for the cashier of the bank when Robert stepped back into the room.

"Order the cashier of the bank not to honor this check and I will walk directly from the bank to the court house," said Robert. "Do you think me so great a fool as not to know what kind of a man I am dealing with? Didn't you know that I would expect you to

stop payment if you could? For this once I have you foul, for that paper you got from me is a duplicate and I hold the original. The names of the witnesses are not on that paper. Good-by, and if the bank refuses payment you may look for the sheriff within an hour."

Robert walked out of the office and went directly to the bank. On his arriving at the bank he found that there was not the amount of the check on deposit, but he also learned that his father had ordered it paid and had promised to be right down to the bank to make good the overdraft.

With one hundred dollars in his pocket book and seven thousand four hundred dollars in bankable paper mailed to himself in general delivery in the city of his destination, Robert Williams boarded the first west-bound train and that night was in search of Sarah Moore. The night brought him no returns and on the following day he found a boarding-place and started in to get acquainted with the "district" in the city.

out speaking to a soul, unless he was forced to throw off the approaches of the habitués of the resorts. In no place did he linger more than long enough to take a careful survey of the surroundings and then pass out and over to the next house.

Although it was well after midnight when he returned to his room he sat down and wrote a long letter to the father of Sarah Moore, telling him all that had taken place, so far as he knew it, and pledging himself to rest not, day or night, until he found Sarah and promising to keep the father informed of all that took place.

It was nearly morning when he finally gave up and went to his bed to rest and if possible sleep a few hours that he might be fit for the work of the following day and night. He finally fell asleep and slept rather late into the forenoon. There was no use in his getting up until noon as the underworld is not in action in the early hours of the day. The greedy wolves of the world of shame love darkness rather than light, their deeds being evil.

As the night came on Robert prepared himself to make a more careful search than on the preceding night. He promised himself to talk with the girls in the resorts and hoped that he might get from some of them information which might lead him to discover where Sarah was housed. It was toward midnight when he entered one of the largest houses in Customs Place, before which there hung the telling red torch. All was gaiety within, music, dancing and drinking being the chief forms of amusement. Not only did he find the men under the influence of liquor but, for the first time in his life, he saw a company of drunken women and the resultant sights sickened him. Not all these

women were lodged in the house. Many of them came in with escorts. Numbers of them showed evidence of coming from homes of refinement, some even being a little backward in their actions. Robert's soul revolted within him and he turned to rush out of the place, but before reaching the door he remembered what had brought him to this place of sin and why he must stay and accustom himself to such sights. He walked over to one side of the room and taking a vacant chair sat down to think. It was a poor place to attempt to think in. He was scarcely seated when one of the girls, a girl about twenty years of age, seated herself by his side. The seats were in a secluded corner of the room and they were not observed by the drunken crew in the place.

"Why are you in such a place as this?" Robert ventured to ask at length. "Such a fine looking girl as you are and one that I am sure could have made good had you turned your efforts in right channels."

"One of the missionary brigade, eh?" asked the girl, rising to leave.

"No, not a missionary, just a man. Sit down a moment," said Robert. "I would like to talk with you. I am looking for a girl, her first name is Sarah. She was drugged and brought to this city a few weeks ago. I am trying to find what house she is in, with the hope of being able to rescue her and take her home."

"Ruined, too, I suppose," said the girl sorrowfully and in a half sob.

"Perhaps in her body, but I am sure, not in her soul," Robert answered.

"Well, they'll bring that under in time or she's different than most of those they bring here," said the girl.

They sat in silence for some minutes, seemingly oblivious to their surroundings.

"God!" exclaimed the girl at length, "how many of us came here by the drug route. It seems as though half the business of the saloon was ruining girls. This evil will never be ended or even curbed so long as liquor is for sale in this country. The shame is that most of the drugging is done in places where one enters, thinking they are going into a respectable hotel or restaurant.

"I suppose you heard me swearing a few minutes ago. Less than fifteen months ago I would have run from the spot where an oath was uttered. I would have feared some Providence. Now look at me. Ruined both in body and in soul. Fifteen months ago I was a leader among the young people in the church of which I was a member. I suppose they have cast my name from their books and burned up the page on which it was written. Fifteen months ago I was teaching a class of little girls in the Sabbath School. Now look at me." The girl shrank back and shuddered.

"Whatever caused you to sink to this awful depth?" asked Robert. "Why did you give yourself up?"

"A deacon in the church brought me to this life," answered the girl. "He invited me out one evening desiring, as he said, to talk over some matters concerning the work among the young people of the church of which we were both members. He had me drugged that night and when I awoke the following morning I was ruined in body. Perhaps I gave up too easily to the life when I found out what had happened. I did not dare to tell on him for I was threatened with death if I ever opened my mouth to a soul about it. Would to God I had told and let him kill me. I'd be better dead than here. That man still carries the sacred

elements of the Christian Communion in his hands and serves it to members of the church that struck my name from their books after they had learned what I had done." The girl stopped and wept.

"One day my soul rebelled against this life, and I went to a telephone and called my pastor or rather the pastor of the church of which I had been a member. I asked him where I could see him as I wished to talk with him. I told him that I wanted a chance to get out of this life and that I needed help in order to break away.

"'You cannot see me any place,' was the answer. 'I cannot risk my good name by meeting and talking with a girl who has entered and given herself over to the kind of a life you are in. You are no longer a member of the church as the officials dropped your name some time ago from the books.'

"'Which one of your deacons made the motion to drop my name?' I asked.

"'Brother ——' here he named the deacon who had ruined me, 'made the motion and the action of the board was unanimous. You are not any longer of our number nor entitled to call me pastor.'

"I felt like asking him if the deacon had asked to have his own name taken from the roll at the same time for having committed the same and even a worse offense. I did not do it, though, for I was thinking of the effect it would have on his growing family. I decided to bear my lot.

"'Are you sure that God has wiped my name from His books?' I asked.

"'If He has not, He should have,' came the curt answer.

"'I never read that Jesus wiped the name of a Mag-

dalene from His roll,' was my reply. Then I continued, and perhaps I spoke sharply for I was stung to the heart: 'You stand in your sacred pulpit each Sabbath and preach the Christ of the Magdalene, the Christ of the Publican and of the sinner, the Christ of the outcast and forlorn and yet, when you get an opportunity to follow in the footsteps of the Christ whom you so eloquently preach, you refuse. I'd rather take my chances before a just God than yours.' As I spoke the last words I threw the receiver into its place and sold myself to the devil and he is sure making good use of me."

"Why don't you get out of this life?" asked Robert. "You surely know what this will end in."

"Do I not know what it will end in?" said the girl. "I have seen some of the endings in the last year. There is no way out of this life. I have tried to get out but what show do I have? What show do any of us have? What can I do? I am not prepared to help myself and if I was I could not find any one to employ me. I don't have any trade. I cannot clerk or do office work. I am useless except for this. There is one way out, one road which will afford relief." She hesitated. "It is the road of death. If what I have been taught and have taught is true, then I cannot contemplate what comes after death to me."

"Go home to your mother and confess all, she'll take you back," said Robert.

The words thrust the girl to the heart. Her head dropped onto her hands and bending over she wept and groaned as though her heart was going to break. Robert wondered what he had opened up. How had he wounded her?

They sat in silence for many minutes. The silence

was only broken by the frequent sobs of the wounded soul by Robert's side.

"Go home to my mother," groaned the girl at length. "Oh, if God would only take me home to my mother. That's where I lost out. Why does God take mothers away from growing children when He must know how badly they need them? My mother is dead."

"I'm sorry, real sorry, that I asked the question," said Robert. "I did not know."

"That's all right. Of course, you did not know, how could you?" said the girl.

"How about your father?" asked Robert. "Surely he would help you to get away from such a life."

"He learned of my sin," answered the girl, "and cast me out of the house when I tried to return home. He would not let me tell my story. He would not let me accuse the man who had brought about my ruin. Standing by his side was a woman who hissed him on. She wanted to be rid of me. I belonged to my father before she did. I was the child of his first wife and she hated me for it. She hated to see my father give me the things I needed even before I went wrong. What help could I expect from him with her setting him on? Father has always refused to hear me. I have gone to him many times but only to be scolded out of his presence. He left this city and I do not know where he has gone. I have tried to find him."

"Why not go into some home and work in the kitchen and earn an honest living?" Robert ventured.

"I'll tell you why," sarcastically said the girl. "If you want to know I'll tell you why many of us girls stay here rather than go into the kitchen and work. Here we are somebody. There we would be nobody. If one of those honest, hard working, clean lived,

wholesome girls walks into a street car you men will sit with your faces buried in your papers and never offer her a seat. You will not try to see her. You'll let her hang to a strap all the way home and never look at her. But if I, or one of my kind, comes swinging into the car, throwing our brazen faces into yours, faces powder covered and painted, you rise, lift your hats and say, 'Have a seat lady.' When people begin to give the honest laboring girl her due there will be more of them and fewer of us."

A long silence followed. It was broken by the girl who said:

"Should we go into the kitchen and the woman of the house learn that we have fallen she will fire us at once. She seems to be afraid of her own husband. If the husband knows that we have been in this life most of them are not slow to make advances. I suppose there are exceptions to these rules but they are few and far between, so few in fact that we do not find them."

The girl's statement silenced Robert Williams. He could not find an answer.

"Have you met a girl of the following description in the past few days?" asked Robert. He then carefully described Sarah Moore and showed the girl an old picture of Sarah. The picture had been taken some years before.

"Nobody gets a chance to see, meet or speak to those girls until they are broken in," was the girl's rejoinder. "We might put them wise to a few things. I heard a day or two ago that they had brought a few new ones into the 'district' lately and she may be one of them. We are not let in on those cases even though they were brought to this very house and put

in the rooms reserved for that class. You see men frequently come into the 'district,' just as you have come, in search of the girls and the less we know the less we have to tell them. Most of us girls can be worked for all the information we have to give up. We don't seem to be able to keep the secrets of the trade and for that reason we are given no secrets. Men often come here and get us tanked up and then try to pump us. I'll tell you what I'll do though, if you want me to, I'll stay sober to-morrow and I'll go out and see if I can get any trace of a new girl by the name of Sarah and answering the description you have given me. What was the girl's last name? That is sometimes of use. You are sure she is in this city?"

"Yes," was Robert's answer to the last question. "At least she was here a couple of days ago as I got a telegraph message from her saying that she was in this city and in a house on Customs Place. She said she did not know the number of the house."

"How do you suppose she got a chance to send the message?" asked the girl. "Perhaps some one sent a fake message in order to get you here and off her trail. I'd advise you to keep a close watch or you may find yourself in as bad, or perhaps worse, plight than she is in. They do some queer things in this business."

"I never thought of that," and Robert was in deep meditation. "I'm here though and I'm going to find out all I can. I am going to assume that she sent the message. I know nothing of the privileges granted to the girls in these surroundings but I think the message was secretly gotten out of the house by some one. It came to my address rather straight to be faked."

"I think that I can throw some light on the way in which that message got to you," said the girl after

some moments of meditation. "A few nights ago, I do not remember how many, a young fellow that comes to see me frequently, called. While he was here with me he told me that as he was coming up the row a girl spoke to him from back of a shuttered window. He said that that was no uncommon thing to take place but that this girl was different. She was crying and her very tone showed that she was in trouble. He stopped and spoke to her. He said that she handed him a piece of wrapping paper and asked him to send the message that was written on it to the address he would find on the reverse side of the paper. She told him that she had no money, not even a postage stamp, as all she had had been taken from her, but to send the message collect."

"Did he say what house?" asked Robert nervously.

"I asked him what house but he could not tell," the girl answered. "He was pretty well tanked up at the time and when I asked him he seemed to have no idea where the house was. He called himself a —— fool for not even thinking enough to find the number of the house and spotting it. He could not say anything about the location. He did not know which side of the street it was on but he did know that in entering Customs Place he came from the north and the house lay between here and the Boulevard. You see he was well tanked up but the girl's tears caught him. Most of the people who come in here have a little of the human or perhaps I should say the Divine in them and a tear touches them. Some folks think we are all bad through and through. Well, I'll tell you that there are more tears of sorrow and remorse shed here than in any other place I know anything about. We all have our times of remorse here. We ain't all bad. There is good in us but in most cases it's —— hard to touch and

harder still to arouse. We fight even our own better selves in these dens. If we did not the best that is in us would get the upper hand over us. There's some real battles fought in these dives. We need help, not cursing."

"When can I come to see you for information?" asked Robert.

"You call about nine o'clock to-morrow night and I'll try and have some news for you but don't build your hopes too high. We have been rather closely watched by that man over there. He pretends to be interested in the girl with him but he is taking a good deal of note of our actions. It is no easy matter finding things out around these joints. Most things are mysterious. I may have to pay dearly for nosing into things at all but I'll do it just the same."

Robert Williams thanked the girl and promised to pay her well for anything that she did in the way of helping him to locate Sarah and a double portion should she be successful in finding her. Having learned all that he hoped for he left the house, after handing the girl a five-dollar bill, and strolled into a number of other places before going back to his room for the night. The balance of the houses he visited lay north of the one he had just left, for he felt that Sarah was in some house between this one and the Boulevard.

At nine o'clock to the minute, on the following night, Robert entered the house and asked for the girl with whom he had held such long converse on the previous evening. The girl he sought seemed to have disappeared in some mysterious manner the night before. Not an inmate of the house knew a thing about her. He could not get a satisfactory answer to any question he asked. All that he learned was that some one

had called and had taken the girl out for a ride the night before and she had failed to return up to the present hour.

As Robert was inquiring concerning the girl a young man, about his own age, came in and asked for the girl and got the same answer that Robert had just received.

"I wonder if this is the fellow that sent the message from Sarah?" Robert asked himself.

"I was just wondering if you were not looking for the same girl I am in search of," said Robert, turning full upon the newcomer.

The man turned at the sound of Robert's voice and they faced each other.

"My God, you here!" was Robert's exclamation.

The man standing before him had graduated from the State University the year before. He had played football while in the University and this was the man who had made him extend himself in order to get his place at tackle. Now Robert knew why the fellow who stood opposite him had failed to beat him for the tackle position. He had been hitting the flowing bowl too freely, even while a student at the University, and now, only a year afterward, the liquor had him dissipated. Robert noted that the man was under the influence of liquor as he stood before him but he was not completely gone.

"Didn't suppose you'd ever be my rival in this game, damn you," said the fellow as he recognized Robert. "You beat me to a place on the team at the 'U' but—I thought you was too clean, too much of a Sunday School and mamma's boy to ever come in here and meet the babies. Never expected to have to fight you in this game."

"I am not here to see the inmates of this resort in the manner in which you think nor for the purpose you surmise," said Robert. "I am in search of a girl who was drugged and taken from her home in my home city a few weeks ago. I got a telegram from her a few days ago and if I could find the man who sent that message I might be able to locate the house where they are holding her and if I can I'll tear it down in order to get her. The girl I came here to see promised me last night that she would help me to find her."

"That's what has happened to her, then," said the man in front of Robert. "You don't know much of this world and the way they do things in this kind of a life. Man, they have you spotted and, seeing you in conversation with the girl, they have taken her away so that you will not get to see her again. It would be almost as hard to find her as the one you are in search of. Of course, wherever they have taken her she will be free to use the house but she may be out of this city now."

There was a long silence during which the men were observing each other carefully.

"I sent that message to you," said the man, addressing Robert. "I never thought that you were the Robert Williams meant or I'd have sent a personal message along with it. Wish I had been sober and I could have taken you to the place where they have the girl. You see I was carrying about all the booze I could and still navigate when the girl turned on the weeps and spoke to me through the shutter. I'll do the best I can, though, to help you find the place and get the girl out of it."

They left the house together. The man who had been shadowing Robert sat in the window of the house

opposite and as the two men came out of the house he stepped on to the street and followed them as they moved north. Robert and his companion were evidently hot on the trail of Sarah, and the man who was shadowing them hurried through a nearby house and from the alley he entered the house where Sarah was being detained and gave out the information.

Robert and his old-time football rival stepped to the door of a house and, at the moment they put out a hand to touch the bell-push, the door opened and two women passed out, almost carrying a third who was heavily veiled. Robert Williams' suspicions were aroused at once. He wheeled about and faced the company coming from the house, at the same time stepping in front of them.

"Who is that woman whom you are carrying out of this house?" he asked.

"It is no affair of yours," was the answer, given by the woman who had opened the door for the others to go out.

"I want to see her face!" demanded Robert.

"What have you got to do with this girl or this business?" came the bold answer, and although dressed in woman's garb Robert knew that the voice was the voice of a man and his suspicions were confirmed.

He took a step forward, putting out his hand with the intention of pulling back the veil from the face of the victim of the "traffic." At the very instant that he touched the veil some one gripped him from behind and they staggered down the front steps together. The two carrying the veiled woman rushed back into the house just as Robert went down the steps. Breaking away from the man who attempted to hold him Robert rushed up the steps and entered the house by

the front door just as the girl was taken out the rear door and hurried into a cab.

It was Sarah Moore. Robert was purposely detained in the house. He could not get any information but finally, after the lapse of half an hour, he was told that the girl who had been carried out was the one he was looking for and that she had been taken out by the rear door as he entered the front.

"Where did they take her?" asked Robert, in anger, of the Madam.

"How do I know?" was the questioning answer. "Ye must be pretty green. When that gang gits holt of a girl the devil hisself can't git her. I never knowed a girl thet wuz brought here or sent here by Bill Williams, the white slaver, thet ever got back to her home. He's sure a king at the 'procuring business' and at keepin' them when he gits them. He knows every slaver in the country and they's all at his beck and call."

The woman who spoke these words did not know that she was talking to the son of Bill Williams.

"Do you mean to tell me that there is an organization of men and women, banded together, with their henchmen in every city, engaged in the business of 'procuring' girls for immoral purposes?" asked Robert.

"Yes," was the answer of the Madam. "In almost every city, big and little. They even work in the rural districts. The boys what come into these places seem to enjoy the greenness of the country girls. They are more innocent and as a result are easier to git. They are easier to lead away. The girls in the city are next to the game and ye can't git them where ye can make away with them."

"So my father is one of the heads of a national organization for the ruining of innocent girls," remarked

Robert, in disgust.

"Your father?" said the woman in surprise.

"Yes, my father," answered Robert slowly and sadly.

"Bill Williams, the slaver, is my father."

"Thet wuz him on the right of the gal as they wuz attemptin' to go out the front door," said the woman.

Robert left the house, in company with the man who had entered with him.

"Father or son for the possession of Sarah Moore," he said to himself, as he went down the steps from the house of shame.

"To the end of the world, to the close of my life. I'll not rest until I find her and save her from the hands of my father and have her in my possession to love, cherish and protect as my own for she belongs to me," Robert said as he entered his room and sat down to write to Sarah's father and later to plan his future campaign.

Robert Williams never knew what became of the University friend who tried to help him. They parted company that night never to meet again.

CHAPTER VIII

A CHANCE MEETING

IT was scarcely half past nine o'clock when Robert Williams came from the house of sin condemning himself for not having grappled with the men leading the girl out, with a view of rescuing her from their clutches.

"If it had not been Sarah," he said to himself, "it was some other woman who was being forcibly taken into, God only knows what. Never will I let another pass me. I'll make sure of who they have and what they are going to do before I let them go again."

As soon as Robert had concluded the letter to Sarah's father he left his room and wandered down into the "district" where he spent the hours of the night in search of some clue as to where Sarah had been taken. He visited many of the houses but got no hint that any one had been brought in during the early hours of the night. It was after three o'clock on the following morning that he gave up the search and returned to his room and to needed rest.

"This is a big city and Customs Place a small section of the evil 'district,'" he said to himself as he laid himself down to sleep.

Day after day and night after night he searched; searched until well-nigh worn out, for, although he went to his bed, it was not to sleep but to dream. He

scarcely knew what restful sleep meant throughout the weeks he had been in search of his sweetheart. He spent whole nights in lower Park Street. Days and nights he spent in underground dens of vice but no trace could he get of the whereabouts of Sarah Moore. So far as he could get information he spent day after day and each night in city dives and sought out the most secluded sections. Not a house that was given over to prostitution was overlooked by him, and surely if Sarah was in the city he should have gotten some clue as to her place of confinement and been able to do something for her relief.

He had sought help of the Volunteers of America and of the Salvation Army but their combined efforts brought no information.

He was about ready to give up the search, find some employment and play the waiting game, with the hope that in time he would get some lead. He had his mind made up to pursue that plan, having resolved that it was the wise thing to do. The night of the day on which he made the decision to cease from active search and wait for something to turn up, he walked into the slum mission and sat down to enjoy the service.

The offscouring of the earth strolled into the place. Some to find a comfortable place to sit for a while, some to worship, some to aid in the work, some for lack of any place else to go, for the saloons would not admit them so long as they had no money to spend. Others came in with the intention of going forward, when the invitation was given, feign conversion, play the no-place-to-go-for-the-night game and get free lodging and breakfast from the mission.

The service was short and the meeting was turned over for testimony. This was followed by an invitation

to step out into a better life. The moment the invitation was extended a man rushed forward and fell on his knees at the front and commenced to pray. Soon he arose to his feet and confessed conversion. Standing in the front, he commenced to give his experience in the world of sin. For a time he seemed to be embarrassed but finally his tongue loosed and he waxed eloquent. In the course of his confession he said:

"You see them hands, wall, they hain't red with the blood o' any victims, but I've been in worse business then thet o' murder. I'm done with it now and forever."

"Amen! Amen! Glory to God!" were the exclamations which greeted the declaration of a resolve to give up sin and turn to God.

"It's bad enough," continued the man, "to do the dirty business of helpin' the slavers to make away with the gals but I had a job a short time ago what hez put me all to the bad."

Robert Williams leaned forward in his seat and listened anxiously, with the question in his mind, "Did this fellow help to take Sarah away?"

The man stopped in his address, trembled, seemed almost on the point of a collapse, and to hold himself up, and keep from falling to the floor, he gripped the side of the high platform and then leaned against it in seeming exhaustion. Some of the workers in the mission moved close to him and all waited breathlessly for him to continue. The interest was intense, for here was a soul seeking salvation and a man about to make a confession which might land him in jail as many a man had done in this place before.

"God," said the man as he proceeded, "I can see the face o' thet little gal yet. She come to in me arms,

looked up into me face and said, 'Is thet you, papa?' Oh, God, my own little gal used to call me thet when she wuz with me. Where is me own little gal now? I don't know who took her nor how they took her nor what they's usin' her fur. I jest came back from doin' me last dirty job for the slavers. If they wants to squeal on me ez they've threatened to do if I quit them then let them squeal. I'll not hev to go to the pen alone. I'd rather be in the State Pen at this minute than suffer what I've been sufferin' the past few days.

"They had me take the gal out o' the city, said thet she had a —— of a fellow and thet he was follerin' her up and wuz bound to git her. Wall, if I kin find the fellow I'll tell him where she's gone but he'll have a hell, excuse me, force o' habit, o' a time gittin' her. She's different then most o' the gals what they dope and take away. Most on 'em gives up after a while but they's no give up to her. She fought again' bein' used in the dirty business until she wuz plum wore out and then threw herself into me arms and asked me to help her, to take her away from them and to put her where they couldn't git her again. They grabbed her from me fur I guess they seed I was weakenin'. I staggered out o' the house and took the first train fur this city and I came in here to tell ye thet I'm done with the dirty business and if ye think they's any salvation fur the likes o' me then I wish ye'd pray fur me."

Robert Williams walked forward and at the first opportunity, drew the man to one side and as a result of their conversation they left the hall together, shadowed by one of Robert's father's henchmen.

"Do you know a man by the name of Bill Williams?" asked Robert.

"Do I know him? Know Bill Williams?" exclaimed the man questioning. "Say, I've been on his regular pay roll fur more years then ye are old, unless yer older then ye look. Know Bill Williams? They's not a man in the slaver business from Maine to California and from Canada to Vera Cruz, Old Mexico, but knows Bill Williams. He's sure one devil at the business. He knows all the ins and outs o' it. If he goes after a thing he gits what he's after. Why, this job I just pulled off ez one o' his jobs.

"He told me thet he hed a damn fool o' a son that wanted the gal and thet if he found her he'd marry her. He said thet he'd see both his son and the gal in hell before he'd let them marry."

"Did you get a good look at the girl?" asked Robert.

"Sure did," answered the man. "She lay back in me arms and looked up into me eyes and pleaded fur me to help her and to take her out o' the den."

"Could you describe her?" was Robert's next question.

"Shor could," was the abrupt answer.

"Then do it," said Robert.

The man pictured Sarah Moore so perfectly that there was no question in Robert's mind as to the identity of the girl the man had helped to take away. Robert felt that the man had come as an answer to his prayer for help in locating Sarah.

"I'm the son of Bill Williams and the one that is going to marry the girl," said Robert as the man concluded the description. The aide to the slavers looked into Robert's wild determined eyes and trembled.

"What has happened to the girl?" asked Robert anxiously.

"Not much yet but abuse to try and break her spirit," was the answer. "Thet gal hez never consciously yielded herself to any one. When from under the influence o' the dope she'll fight them off like a wild animal. If something is not done fur her pretty soon they'll hev her doped to death fur they are sure puttin' the dope into her."

"Can you keep the fact of this interview to yourself?" asked Robert.

"Shor thing," was the reply. "All I've been doin' fur years is keepin' secrets. I'm done with the business now, anyhow. Bill Williams would be only too glad if some one would dope thet gal to death."

"My father has spent money to employ you to help ruin girls," said Robert, "and I want to employ you to help me rescue this one from his hands. Will you help me? I'll pay you by the day. I need a man who knows the underworld and its ways and God has sent you to help me. You are the man I have been praying for."

"I'm with ye," was the man's form of accepting the offer. "When will we start the work o' rescue? We can't wait very long or they'll be mighty little to rescue. Thet gal is goin' down quick."

"You name the hour and manage the campaign," said Robert.

The following day Robert Williams bought two tickets for a Western city and on the evening of the same day he and his guide entered a Pullman car together and started out to the rescue of Sarah Moore.

On arriving in the Missouri city they secured lodging and immediately started out under the new leadership. They visited the segregated district of the city and entered a house, indicated by Robert's con-

ductor as the place where he had left Sarah in the hands of the men who were employed to care for her. They were informed, by the keeper of the house, that the girl had been taken from the house a few hours before and that she did not know where they had taken her.

"If they hev her in this city I'll find her," said the man to Robert. "I know every place in this city where the business is carried on and we are bound to run her down and get some clue."

They left the house and proceeded down Ninth Street toward the Union Station. They came at length to the top of the bluff overlooking the railroad yards and started the descent of the long stairway. They were halfway down the stairs and at the very darkest spot, when two men leaped out of the darkness and bore Robert down. They tied his hands behind his back, placed a gag securely in his mouth and led him down the balance of the stairway, where he was ordered into a waiting cab and hurried through the streets.

When Robert Williams awoke from his enforced sleep he did not recognize his surroundings. On searching he found that his money was all gone, his letter of credit had disappeared and, on desiring to learn the hour of the day, he found that his watch had gone with his other valuables. He lay back on the bed. Hunger was consuming him and now he began to realize it.

"That was pretty smooth," he said to himself at length, as matters began to shape themselves in his mind. "That fellow ought to go on the stage for he is sure a good actor. He played the part well. His tears in the mission over his own little girl got me

going right. I would have believed anything he said after hearing him speak of his sin and repentance."

Robert sat up a moment, then rose to his feet and looked at himself in the glass. Later he washed himself and prepared to go out and find food.

"I'll not give up. I'll show my father that if he can spare neither money or effort to defeat my purpose I, his son, can do the same to win over him. I'll get Sarah Moore yet if it takes all my life-time. The girl will not serve them, her will cannot be broken and by all the rights of God and man she is mine and I will possess her."

Robert left the room, with a firm resolve to trust no one but to fight his own battle. He went down to the Commercial National Bank and had them wire his bank in the East as to his credit. A short time later he was called up and handed a check to sign and was once more in possession of sufficient funds with which to go forward in the search.

After the expiration of many fruitless days Robert returned to the Eastern city and entered Customs Place, where he found the girl who had promised to help him. She could not explain what had become of herself. She seemed to have lost some days but how or when she did not know. She had been back at the old life for several days and had been trying, on the quiet, to get hold of Robert.

"Your girl was taken from the city," said the girl. "By some means she got a message away and sent it to a girl down the row. They had her in Colorado but she did not know what they intended to do with her. She believes that it was not the intention of those who had her in charge to keep her in the Colorado city."

"You know this to be a fact?" asked Robert.

"I'll take you to the girl and you can see the message and judge for yourself," was the reply.

Robert and the girl left the house together and entered a house further down the row. He was handed the message and read and re-read it. He knew the writing and could not be deceived. He left the house in the company of the girl with whom he had entered. He paid the girl for her trouble and left for his room. On arriving at his room he packed his belongings and started West. What he would do once in the Colorado city he never stopped to consider but he would be compelled to do something. Circumstances must guide him. He could do nothing but follow every lead that was thrown out. Even as he went he wondered if it was some new trick of his father's.

CHAPTER IX

A PASSING VIEW

ON Robert Williams' arrival in the Colorado city he set out to get located and found good quarters in a downtown hotel. He started out at once with a view of getting acquainted with the city. He soon learned that the place where he must search for Sarah was down on Lamar Street from Seventeenth to the city limits. The night of the day of his arrival he entered Lamar Street and moved slowly along one side, returning on the opposite, with the purpose of getting the plan of the street and the dives along it in his mind. He was noting the alleyways with care for he might need a knowledge of them.

He had just crossed Fourteenth Street when he met one of the city's policemen loitering along in a half-asleep condition. So far as law and its enforcement was concerned the policeman might just as well have been deaf and blind. Robert could get no information from the officer of the law; in fact, the story that Robert told was no surprise to the officer, for he was on the lookout for Robert and had he given him any information it would have been false.

After some minutes of conversation with the officer Robert strolled down the row. He passed house after house of sin. The houses were nearly all low and the blinds were up, while in most cases the door of the

establishment stood part way open and the women of the underworld sat at the doors and windows soliciting the passer-by. Most of the women were sipping beer and smoking cigarettes. They were almost nude. Robert noted that now and again an officer, sworn to suppress this very business, would step up to a door and joke with the girls, ask them how business was, accept a glass of beer or a cigar from them and in many cases step into the house and sit amid the vicious surroundings as a means of killing some of the time that the city was paying for.

Robert shuddered as he looked on the awful life and conditions. His heart sank within him and he blushed for his country that it would allow such conditions to exist and thrive within it. Robert remarked more than once, that night, of the close relationship of the brothel and the saloon.

"If once we could eliminate the saloon in this country we might hope to be rid of this and the gambling evil," Robert said more than once. "There is little hope of remedying conditions so long as the lawless saloon has its hands on city politics. This is part of their revenue producing system."

"It is to such a life as this," Robert said later, "that my father has brought girls and to such a life as this he would force Sarah. Never, if I can stop him, shall he sink her to this level. I am sure she would die before she would sink to this depth."

"Thank God for the blood of a mother such as was given to me. Thank God for the teachings which she instilled into my mind and built into my very life for if it had not been for what she did for me I would in all probability be in the business myself."

"The next time that my father gets into my hands,"

he spoke the resolve, "he'll not get out so easily. I shall tell all that I know and will stop at nothing. I'll stop him from carrying on this line of work, from the destruction of innocent lives and I'll do it if it means putting an end to him even though he is my own father. All that I fear is that I may, in securing Sarah, be compelled to use my own hands on him and I shrink from doing that, for though I blush to own it he is my father."

Three nights later Robert entered Lamar Street again and it will be a never forgotten night to him. He entered a house on the corner of Lamar and Fourteenth Streets and seated himself in a chair, more to rest and collect his thoughts, than for any other purpose. He sat in the room watching the dancing, listening to the music, dispensed by a mechanical piano, and wondering how, in an enlightened land such as this, such sights could be witnessed. He wondered why God did not send down another Sodomie fire and destroy it all. Soon he observed the denizens of the place and the visitors marching into a back room and he rose and entered with them. On entering the room he noted that the floor around three sides was elevated and that on this ten-inch elevation there was placed a row of chairs, while back near the wall was a second elevation of the same height and on it another row of seats was placed. The chairs were soon occupied with a company of men, who showed by their dress that they were business men of the well-to-do class. On those chairs were seated men who had homes of their own and in their homes were children and among the children daughters. While the wife, and mother of the children, was busy at home putting the little ones to bed, hearing them say their evening prayer in which they said, "God bless papa

while he is at work and bring him home safe," the father was here looking on sights that were not fit to be looked upon in any company. They were to look upon sights that would have made Herod and his court blush for shame.

No sooner was the company seated than the music started up once more and at the same moment a side door was thrown open and through the open door came, tripping to the time of the music, twelve mulatto girls absolutely naked. Not one of those poor creatures was over nineteen years of age. Their orgies were absolutely abhorrent. The things done openly here could be tolerated only by people who had lost all semblance of manhood or womanhood. No man could look on, and applaud, such acts unless he had sunk to the lowest depths, depths where, not only was the flesh corrupt but the very brain and soul had become undermined and polluted.

"My father aiding such a business as this," Robert said as he shuddered.

As Robert spoke the words a large door was opened and its opening attracted his attention. The sight which met his eyes froze him to the spot for an instant. His eyes seemed fixed in their sockets. If any of the company had seen him they would have feared. Suddenly he leaped from the chair in which he sat and landed in the midst of the nude dancers. In a moment every one was attention and wondering what new form of entertainment was to be given them by the Madam to-night. They had not long to wait and wonder for Robert acted as a mad man.

"He's gone crazy," some one yelled. "Get hold of him."

The dancers rushed from the floor and to safety.

Robert stood in the center of the floor alone.

"Stop!" he screamed as he looked through the open door and pointed at some one outside. "Stop, I command you to stop!"

The spectators in the room looked at him and then rushed from the room and into safety, many of them leaving the house by the rear door, fearing a commotion that might attract the police and they might be dragged in with the rest of the gang.

Robert walked from the dance room, passed through the large open door, with eyes fixed and with determination written in his every motion, for he saw Sarah Moore, half dazed, being led up the stairway to the second floor of the house of sin. To what was she being led?

"Sarah!" cried Robert.

The girl turned her head, looked over her shoulder and recognized him. As she caught his eye she cried out one word, "Robert!" but oh, the pleading in that voice. It sunk into his soul and drove him to madness. The sights he had been witnessing had given him new conceptions of the depth to which girls are forced once they are given over to the life.

Robert looked over his shoulder as he was being forcibly led from the house and into an alley between the buildings, by two strong men who had gripped him as he rushed for the stairway to follow Sarah. He saw Sarah standing at the head of the stairs with outstretched pleading hands and by her side a great brute of a man who held her firmly. He could not go to her for the two powerful men gripped him more firmly and a third man, heavily masked, followed them from the building.

"Robert!" screamed Sarah, "for God's sake, save

me, Robert."

The cry of the distressed girl was the last word that he heard as the door was closed on his back and he was dragged out of the house.

"I will," Robert yelled back, and the cry echoed through the streets of the underworld and was heard by Sarah as she was forced into a room on the second floor.

As Robert Williams called back the words of answer to Sarah he gave his body a quick and powerful swing, breaking away from the men who held him. He swung a right-hand blow to the point of the jaw of the man on his left and the fellow went down in a heap on the pavement. The man on the right leaped back just in time to save himself from being caught by the next blow. Robert turned, and facing him was the heavily-masked man. He reached out and jerked the mask off.

"Father!" he exclaimed as the mask fell from his hand. Before Robert could move or even think what his next step should be he was gripped from behind and struck on the head, sinking to the ground in an unconscious condition.

lifted her bodily to her feet. They stood staring into each other's eyes, the girl wild with fear, the man torn by passion.

"Do you know what you're here for?" the man asked at length.

"No," was Sarah's timid answer.

"You're going to stay with me to-night and you might just as well submit to it quietly as force me to compel you to do my will."

Sarah shrank back and the brute moved menacingly toward her. He was more than half undressed by this time. He stepped to the girl's side and with his own hands he ripped the dress from her back.

"You incarnate devil! Stand back from me, I command you in the name of your mother." Sarah Moore spoke the words as the full purpose for which she had been brought to this room dawned upon her. She struck out like a cat and her finger nails ripped the skin from the cheeks of the wretch.

The man struck her a slap in the face with his open hand with such force that she staggered back against the wall, helpless.

"God," said Sarah under her breath, "what will passion drive a man to."

Standing over this helpless child was a man six feet two inches in height, carrying a weight of two hundred and thirty pounds and built like an athlete. Passion tore his mighty frame and robbed him of his reason. Passion turned the man into a beast. He gripped the weakened child by the wrists and, bending her back, he forced her to her knees at his feet.

"Will you obey my orders?" said the brute, "or will you force me to abuse you more? You are mine to do as I will with and there is no help for you here." He

stood above the prostrate trembling form lying at his feet weeping.

"No," said Sarah at length. "I will not give myself up to you or any other. You have the power, you have the lust and you seem to be bereft of your reason, but never by my consent or by one act of mine can you bring me to your purposes. I'll die here in this room willingly fighting before I will give up to you."

The man gazed down on her. He was amazed at her strength of will and purpose.

"Oh, God," the girl pleaded with upturned eyes, "help, for Thy servant pleadeth. Smite the brute before me but save me to myself and to Robert."

"Praying, eh?" asked the man. "To hell with your prayers. What can help you here? Who can help you in this place? Here I defy even God Himself."

He stooped down and picked the trembling figure up in his vile arms, tore almost every vestige of clothing from her back and attempted to kiss her.

"Stand back, you brute," cried Sarah, as the man drew her to him.

"I know I'm a brute but I'm as God made me," said the man.

"That's right," said Sarah, "blame God for the manner in which you have prostituted your possessions."

"Shut up," exclaimed her tormentor. "I'm not only following my nature but I'm hired to break your will and I'm going to earn the money. It will do you no good to fight or pray."

He leaped toward her but before he reached her she yelled out:

"Oh, God! Help! Help!"

No words could have carried in them greater dis-

tress, greater agony than did those words. They carried in them an awful story of an innocent soul being brought to ruin and death. The cry pierced the walls of the adjoining room and fell upon the ears of the occupants of the room. The man in the next room leaped from the side of the bed when the cry reached him. He was only half clad but he walked deliberately out of the room and to the locked door of the adjoining room. He tried the door but it would not yield. He heard the groans of agony and they pierced his soul. His thoughts went out toward his own sisters and his brotherly soul was touched. He tried the door again and then demanded that the door be opened.

"Get to — out of there," was the answer to his demands, and he heard the struggle of the girl to free herself and fight the brute back.

"The girl you have in that room is not there by her own consent," said the man outside the door. "I demand that you release her at once and if you do not I will take measures to effect her release."

No answer coming to his demands he tried a key but it would not open the lock. He threw his full weight against the door and the lock gave way. He almost fell into the room, the door went with such force. The man on the side of the bed landed on the floor and they were face to face with each other. The brute who was attempting to carry out his vile purposes outweighed the other man by fully fifty pounds and was taller by at least four inches, but as he looked at the man in front of him he cowered for the fraction of a minute.

"Who invited you in here?" asked the bully.

"Myself," was the calm answer, "in response to the prayer and agonizing groans of that child whom you

are trying to lead as a lamb to the slaughter."

There was not a tremor in the voice as the smaller man spoke and he looked the bully squarely in the eye. The bully saw no fear in the man before him.

"You get out of this room before I throw you out," ordered the bully.

"I'm not here to cause any trouble," came the quiet answer to the bully's command. "I may frequent such houses as this but I hope that I have enough honor left in me, enough manhood still in my body to defend an innocent girl from the hands of an incarnate devil when attempting to ruin her."

During all the time the two men faced each other Sarah Moore was engaged, unobserved by either of the men, in dressing herself in her torn clothing, which lay littered about the floor.

The bully struck out, at length, to catch the smaller man, but he missed him squarely as the lighter man went under the blow, caught the brute directly in the pit of the stomach with his head and at the same time gripped the fellow around the legs. The brute staggered and fell on the broad of his back on the floor, the lighter man landing on top of him.

The girl who stood at the door, and who had occupied the adjoining room with the man who rushed to the rescue of Sarah, rushed down the stairs fearing that the commotion might attract the police and the place be pulled. She belonged to a family of the city and one high up in the social ladder and did not wish to get her name mixed up in the consequent mess.

The bully was rising slowly and forcing the lighter man from him. Sarah Moore's quick eye took in the situation at a glance and, picking up a large water pitcher from the side of a dresser, she swung it over her

head, unseen by either of the men, and brought it down with all her power on the head of the brute who had attempted her ruin. The man sank back on the floor in a pool of his own blood.

Sarah Moore rushed from the room and down the stairway, taking a mere second to thank the man who had saved her. She was hoping to rush out of the house and onto the street in search of Robert, but instead she landed in the arms of Bill Williams and the Madam of the house, and was forced into a room in the back part of the house.

The man who had rescued Sarah rose, the moment the bully and destroyer of women sank back on the floor, and descended the stairway. His soul was being consumed within him. For months past he had been a frequenter of these houses but until to-night he had believed that the inmates of such places had gone there of their own volition. To-night he learned that many were brought there against their will. Lust no longer consumed him, for his mind was given over to something higher and nobler, as he stepped from the house and spent the balance of the night going from house to house with the hope of finding the girl whom he had rescued and whom he supposed had left the place. In this respect the night's search was fruitless but in another respect it bore rich fruit for him and for the world of Society.

He was a man of ability. He had passed through the University, and notwithstanding that he stooped to this awful depth at times, he had both social and political standing in the city. His resolve, as he crept into a bed in one of the city's leading hotels, for it was too near morning to go out to his home, was that never again so long as he lived would he lend support or

countenance to a traffic which was carried on by the members of his sex, aided by a few mercenary women who had given themselves over to the business of ruining the lives of young girls; many of them, through childhood innocence, were brought to this life and into this ruin without any knowledge of where they were going or what they were doing.

CHAPTER XI

GAINING HARM AND LOSS

THE bully who had been hired by Bill Williams to bring about the forced ruin of Sarah Moore, failing to come to at the end of half an hour, a doctor was called in. After a careful examination of the man's wounds the doctor ordered him removed to the City Hospital. The order was sent in and the city ambulance carried him away. On arrival at the hospital the man was placed on a bed where he remained in an unconscious condition for more than five hours.

"Did the girl get away?" were the first words he spoke on coming to.

"What girl?" asked the nurse who had been placed to watch by his bed.

"The girl that Bill Williams hired me to break in," was the answer. The answer was given before the man had come fully to. He did not realize what he was saying.

"What girl do you mean?" the nurse asked. "What was her name?"

"Where am I?" asked the bully.

"You are in the City Hospital," came the response to his question. "You were brought here in the ambulance about five hours ago. I think you better keep quiet now as your doctor told me when you came to he

wanted to be called. He ordered me not to talk with you until he had seen you. I'll go and call him."

"Who is the doctor?" asked the man.

"It is the city physician. He was sent up by the chief of police."

The nurse left the room and the man, for the first time, felt the pain in his head which indicated to him that something had happened.

On the arrival of the physician the bully refused to answer any of the questions which the doctor addressed to him concerning how he came to be so cut about the face and head.

"That was a rather close call," said the doctor. "A half inch further to the front and the undertaker would have been pumping preserving fluid into you right now."

The man on the bed made no answer to the doctor's last statement. The doctor left an hour later. The bully spent a number of days in the hospital and on being dismissed returned immediately to the house where he was used to break the will of unwilling girls. The first person he met as he stepped into the house was the Madam. The first question he asked was as to the whereabouts of Sarah Moore whom he had been so cruelly robbed of the privilege of ruining, by the inopportune interference of the man in the next room. He seemed, notwithstanding all that he had passed through, to be more determined than ever to use Sarah for his vicious purposes.

Bill Williams had had two experiences in one night that taught him that he must be on the watch for his son and for the unknown man who had rescued Sarah from his hired minion and had hindered him from effecting her ruin. Williams read an awful retribution

in the face of the rescuer of Sarah as the man passed out of the house. He felt thankful that the man did not know that he was back of it all, for he felt that he would stop at nothing to avenge the attempted assault.

"That man's going to start something," he said to himself. "He'll likely wait a few days until this affair quiets down but there's going to be something doing. I don't know how soon the boy will be back, but if he is alive he will be back. I don't want to meet him again. I hope that I will never again be brought face to face with him, for if I ever read death in a man's face I read it in his when he saw that it was me that was back of the mask. He knows how I handled his mother and he knows that I am back of this affair in order to keep him from getting the girl. There is enough of the Williams in him to make him stop at nothing in order to get what he goes after.

"It's all off with me if he finds me again. I know he'll kill me at sight. I've got to get out of this city but when I go by — the girl goes with me. He'll not rest until he finds her. He'll not give her my name if I can prevent it and I think I can prevent it. I'll have her killed before she shall become a Williams. If those two ever get together, with what they know about me I'll be hanged in less than three months. They must not get together."

As a result of these observations Bill Williams left the house where he made his home while in the city and went directly to the head of the white slave traffic of the city. He laid his plans before him and ordered him to keep on the watch for the return of his son Robert and to keep Sarah Moore under cover. He ordered him that on the first hint that the son was back in the city, to get the girl out of the city, no matter how

he took her, and to notify him, by cypher message, and he would be on the ground to meet the girl and put her in the hands of parties who would keep her from being discovered.

"That girl is the worst and most expensive proposition that I have ever had on my hands," said Bill Williams to the "traffic" manager of the city. "I've had her on my hands for months now and not once has she given herself up. There is not a method known to the business of ruin that has not been used by us but she is absolutely immovable. We have threatened her with death. We have tortured her beyond measure. She'll never be used by her own consent in the houses and we can't make a cent on her when she's doped. I have her on my hands and can't let her go for she knows too much.

"My son knows my history better than I ever dreamed he'd know it. It seems strange that he should have been able to get the whole story of my life and I not even suspect it until he cut loose on me and made me hand over the money that he is now using to run me down. If, on top of what the boy knows, he could get what that girl knows, it would be all day with me when the law closed in on me and that boy will make them close. We cannot turn her loose, for by some means they will get together; if by no other means they will find each other by the help of the girl's father who is in the Ohio State Penitentiary. They will be writing him. The boy writes to him regularly and the girl will do the same when she is free. It is good-by to Bill Williams if they are able to get together. You want to remember that they never get one of us fellows that the rest do not have to look for cover, so it is to your interest as well as mine to keep them apart.

"I almost fear to go back home lest the boy may have turned loose what he knows about me. It is — little of Bill Williams that is in that boy. He has a little of the determination and of the spirit of 'get what you go after' from me but that is all the Williams I can see in him. His mother stamped him and that's how she's getting even with me for the way I treated her. She sure left a thorn in my side when she left that boy. If I'd ever thought that he'd know anything about me or the business in which I am engaged I'd have kept him away from school. How could I know or even guess what he would turn out to be? I supposed that I had wiped out all the tracks but he got a little scent from his uncles, on his mother's side of the house, and he has followed it up with a wonderful amount of skill. Now it is all falling back on me. I guess it is harder than a man thinks to cover up them kind of tracks so's that they'll never be found again.

"When the boy graduated from the Central High School, at the head of his class, I was mighty proud of him. Then the principal of the high school called me up and asked me to come over to his office in the high school. When I arrived at the school the principal sat down and told me that the boy had wonderful capabilities for study and that I should have him go on further in his studies. He said that he had talked with the boy and that the boy was desirous of going through the University. Well, before we were through with the conversation, he sent for the boy and the boy came in and joined in our talk. I then told the boy to go to it and that I'd back him with all the funds he needed. I gave him a liberal allowance. I was glad to do it. I do not know what I would have done with the boy had he not gone to the University.

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"After he entered the University he got into rather close touch with his mother's folks for it was convenient for him to run out to their place and spend a Sunday once in a while. The last two years he has been with them more than he's been with me and he's got me with the goods on as a result. His uncles told him some things and then he got busy and found out a lot more for himself. That boy has me where he can make me do anything he wants just as easy as he made me turn over the money that came to me with his mother.

"It's all off with me if he gets hold of me again. The last time I looked at him I felt that he would take matters into his own hands and avenge his mother on the spot. We just must keep him and the girl apart if to do it means murder. Remember that when they get me there are a lot of others that are liable to be brought in at the same time. When they pull the net there is no knowing who will be inclosed in it. We are all in this business together. Just as long as the boy thinks the girl is in this mountain country he'll stay here and it's up to you to keep her under cover. I've got to get out. I can't meet that boy again.

"I thought they had done for him when they bagged him, back in the alley between the houses, on Fourteenth Street, but they didn't. He came to all right but we've got him safe for a while, at least, and if that Dago does as he was ordered the boy will never get away from the shack. If he does get away they'll not bag him so easy the next time.

"It was a sight to see the way that boy put those husky fellows out. When I see those displays of his strength I wish he'd stayed by me. We'd made a mint of money out of his muscle but his mother gave him too much conscience and taught him too much religion for

him to be of any use in our business. If he was only right how I could use him.

"Well, I've got to get out of here," continued Williams, rising to his feet. "Remember what I've told you and bear in mind that it's as much to your interests as it is to mine to keep them apart. I don't care what becomes of either one or both of them and if they never show up on this earth the better I'll like it. Keep me in touch with every move and let me know if you have to move the girl and where you send her. If you can't go along with her yourself be careful who you send along to take charge of her. Be sure that they are right and no soft ones go, for that girl can win a soft one at any turn of the road. Good-by."

Bill Williams took a train that night for his Eastern home but he was more troubled than he had ever been in all his checkered career before. He felt that the coils of the law of retribution were closing in around him. That night he was fit to commit any crime in the catalogue if only he could cover up his tracks for a while longer. He failed, as do all others, who follow a life of crime, to realize that what we think is covering up tracks is only the sinking of those tracks deeper and deeper where they will not out. Marking up against himself an awful day of reckoning, a day when every deed will present itself in all of its horror and he will see it and recognize it as his act and will read it as his life.

Bill Williams thought he was running away from his son and Sarah Moore but instead he was running away from himself and his pursuer never lost him.

CHAPTER XII

WHERE CRIMINALS RESORT

ROBERT WILLIAMS returned to consciousness at daybreak of the morning following the night in which he had attempted to break from his captors and rescue Sarah from the hands of the slaver who was forcing her upstairs in the house on Lamar Street.

He was not the Robert Williams of the night before. He felt sick in body and in mind. He was weakened, having lain in an unconscious condition for so many hours. He did not know how much time had elapsed since he looked his father in the face, after snatching the mask from it. It might have been days, it might only have been minutes for all he knew.

While he was unconscious, from the blow struck him on the head, in the alley-way, he was hurried through the streets toward the country. It was the purpose of those who had him in charge to get him out of the city and off their hands as quickly as possible. They knew they had no ordinary man in their charge. The minute the automobile had cleared the center of the city and struck the Boulevard the driver threw the throttle open and the machine, a high-power one, fairly leaped into space.

The driver of the car had a man seated by his side to give him directions, while the back seat was occu-

pied by Robert and two men who had him in custody. There was a man seated on each side of Robert. In the hand of one of the men was a gag to put on Robert should he come to and attempt to call for help or make any disturbance. The other man had handcuffs ready to slip on him with the first evidence that Robert was coming to. They were resolved that they would not take any chances with this powerfully built son of the man who so often used them in his dirty jobs. Robert's feet were already fast fettered.

The car drove north for more than an hour and reached a small town in Northern Colorado. They turned west toward the foothills and pulled up, an hour later, in front of an old shack on the edge of a little mining town. The very house had a bad name, as it was a resort for criminals and on more than one occasion the Sheriff of the County had raided the place in his work of cleaning out the illegal whiskey selling and gambling joints of the County. The brewers of the city used this shack and its occupant as their tool in an attempt to defeat the will of the people of the County who said that such business could not be carried on in the County.

The building was set back into a niche that had been cut out of the solid rock. The top of the building extended above the ground about ten feet and the entrance to the loft was from a door on this level. Into this loft Robert Williams was carried, or rather dragged, for there was no care used to save his body. As soon as those who had him in charge entered the room they dragged him to one side and threw him down on a pile of straw covered over with a piece of tarpaulin. All the furnishings of the room, other than this improvised bed, was a box set up for a table and by the side of

the box was a lower box on which one might sit. Not a ray of light could penetrate into the room. It was a darkness of the most ominous kind. All through the darkness, at any time in the twenty-four hours of the day or night, could be heard the shuffling of feet. This room was only used for gambling purposes and was practically in constant use until the miners had lost all their earnings of the previous month at the gambling table, or had been robbed of them when they were drunk.

The little mining village was not incorporated and the county commissioners had refused to grant them a license to allow liquor to be sold. It was supposed to be dry territory and would have been had not the city brewers kept a man of the lowest character here to see that the law was evaded or defied. The room now occupied by Robert was frequently used as a speak-easy but most of the drinking was done downstairs.

On Robert Williams returning to consciousness in this room he found himself absolutely alone, handcuffed and fettered. Those who had placed him in this dive had received instructions to take no chances with him. He finally rose to a standing position and stretched himself to his full length. He commenced to feel about him with his fettered hands. He could not penetrate the darkness with his eyes. The fetters on his feet were loose enough to allow him to take short steps and thus he moved gropingly about for some way to get out of the building. He had groped about in this dark room for some time when the trapdoor in the opposite end of the room from the door, was opened and a head thrust through the opening thus made.

"You will fin soma de wat and soma de bread over by a de wall," said the Italian keeper of the house.

Robert will not live long enough to forget the awful menacing look on the face of the man who had charge over him. He felt that this man was capable of committing any crime. As soon as the trapdoor closed Robert was again in darkness. He crept about the room in an attempt to locate the bread and water. It was some time before he found it, for his hands being tied together gave him no chance to feel about for any distance. When he did finally locate them he sat on the floor and with his manacled hands proceeded to refresh himself. He was hungry enough to eat anything and it was well that he was for the water was stale and warm and the bread as dry as it could be. The moment the water touched his lips he felt a new life stirring within him. His first thoughts, with the return of clear thinking, carried him to Sarah and her troubles. He did not think of himself. His thoughts were all of the one he loved more than self or any other.

"My God," he said at length, "if they handle me in this way to keep me from Sarah, what kind of treatment must they be handing out to her to ruin her?"

He sat on the floor for hours thinking of Sarah, thinking of the horrible life into which they were attempting to force her. He remembered that it was his own father who was doing it all. He wondered where his father was and what became of him on that night. Then his thoughts came to himself and he wondered where he was and if he would ever get out of this dark and filthy den, ever be free to go on with his search to rescue Sarah from the clutches of this well-organized body of home-destroyers and soul-wreckers headed by his father.

Robert had no conception of the passing of time

as the darkness gave him no clue even as to the coming or passing of the day. Only when the head of the Italian, who was in charge of the place, pushed open the trapdoor and gave him a new supply of dry bread and water, did he get a sight of a ray of light or a particle of fresh air. The trapdoor opened onto a projecting porch and was so arranged that in case an attempt was made to pull the place, by the Sheriff of the County, the men could drop out this door and strike for the hills and safety. So far, therefore, as the passing of time was concerned, the Italian coming each day about noon with the new supply of food was all that he could know by.

Robert sank onto his bed, the third night after being thrown into this den, and fell into a restless slumber. His mind was ever on Sarah and her troubles and not at all on what he was being called on to pass through. He dreamed of Sarah and in his dream he saw her passing through the agonies of the damned and awoke with an awful consciousness of his inability to break his fetters and go to her side. He leaped to his feet and tore at his fetters like some wild beast, until his arms ached. He pounded with such violence against the floor that the Italian opened the trapdoor and thrust his head into the opening. Robert commenced to glide slowly but surely toward the opening.

"Come neara de trap an' I closa da door," said the Italian.

Robert knew he could not force his way out, fettered as he was. Everything was against him and in favor of his keeper. Robert stopped and stared for some minutes at the Italian as though studying him as an adversary.

"What are you keeping me here for?" Robert asked

at length.

"Da gang bring a ya har. Tell a ma keep ya till da come for a ye," was the Italian's response to the question.

"You can see that I'm handcuffed," said Robert at length. "Why not let me out of here to get a little fresh air?"

"Na, na. Ya bad a da man with a da fist," was the answer. "The gang tell a da ma not give a ya any da chance to get a da way."

"I'll pay you well to let me out of here," said Robert. "I'll give you anything you want."

"Money no good when ya in a da pen or hung," came the Italian's answer. "Dat gang what brought a ya her to a da ma give a da word, zip, last of a Tony. No ma no can a help ya."

"I'll give you enough," pleaded Robert, "to get you out of the country and away from the gang. You can go back to Italy with what I'll give you."

"No da gang what brought a ya her maby got a da man watch a da plac," was the Italian's rejoinder. "Me no can taka da chance."

"We mov ya to a-da cave, in a da morn," the Italian said a moment later. "Beg a da gam, lots a da mon, plenty da beer to-morrow night. We need diz a da room for a da game."

The Italian withdrew his head and closed the trap-door and returned to his bed downstairs while Robert sat on the box and placed his face in his manacled hands and wept, not for himself, he could bear it all, but for his Sarah out in the world in the hands of thugs employed by his father to bring about her ruin.

"I wonder what happened to her the night I saw her being forced up those stairs in that house of

death?" he said to himself. "I never saw such a look of anguish on any face as I saw on hers when she cried out to me for help. And, oh God, I can't help her," he groaned out. "Never did I see such a look on my father's face as when I tore that mask away. It was the look of something less than a man; it was my father turned to a devil."

Robert rose from his seat, turned, and kneeling down by the box, with his fettered hands upstretched before him, prayed for deliverance not only for himself but for his sweetheart.

It was shortly after five o'clock on the following evening when the outside door in the gable of the attic where Robert was confined was thrown open and the Italian and two other men entered the room and led Robert out. They took him around the house, on a well-worn path, and conducted him through the front door of the establishment. He was taken through the house to the rear and a sliding door was pushed back. He was taken through the doorway into an underground room stored almost to its capacity with beer and whiskey cases. Near the door, and in the only available space in the cave, was placed a bundle of straw and an old and torn quilt.

"If ya want a da sleep there's a da bed," said the Italian. "Beg a da gam, much a da mon, plenty da beer to-night. Find a ya grub by a da door."

The men stepped out, the Italian going first, and the door was slid into its niche. Robert sat alone in meditation. The place was in utter darkness and had he cried for help no one could have heard him. He sat for some time.

"My God," he said later, "why does such an enlightened land as ours allow that such things as this

can take place within its borders? The saloon, the gambling joint and the brothel how they are woven together. What a triumvirate of evil to be harbored in a land of liberty, a land dedicated to God and to human rights. To think how much this country does to relieve suffering and then to think how it tolerates the saloon, which is at the foundation of eighty per cent. of all the suffering. How can so great a people allow such an institution to live and thrive among them? How can we become partners in the business and then hold up our heads in pride? I guess the American citizenship is like I was, until I was forced to take a better look at the business. It was not, they thought, hurting them and so they were in ignorance of its far-reachingness. Some day its work will become so evident that all will see and then we will get relief from it but its effect on unborn generations will live long years after it has ceased to be tolerated among us.

"I may die here and Sarah Moore be lost to me," he continued after some minutes spent in meditation, "but if God hears my prayer and grants me release I promise Him and myself that if I ever get a chance to hit the traffic, then as President Lincoln said of another kind of slavery, 'By the Eternal God I'll hit it hard.'"

How much time had passed since he had been placed in this underground den Robert did not know. He had no way of knowing. His thoughts had kept him engaged. The game was no doubt on in the room of his first confinement. In his hollowed-out cave he heard a peculiar sound as of distant thunder. Soon he recognized it as the moving about either of men or horses on the ground above him. The sound broke the monotony of his imprisonment and he sat up listening intently. The sound increased in volume and soon he

heard a great commotion, followed a moment later by a number of shots being fired. He heard a great rushing of men through the room in front of his cave, the door of the cave rolled back and a number of men rushed in almost tramping on him in their haste.

"Hands up!" came an order, issued before the men had time to slide the door shut.

The order of the Sheriff was obeyed and the Sheriff and his posse put twelve men under arrest. The posse took the men out and loaded them into automobiles to take them to the jail at the County seat. The Sheriff was leaving the house in the rear of the others, when a wild cry:

"Look out, Sheriff!" leaped from the lips of Robert Williams.

The Sheriff turned in his tracks, and none too soon, for the Italian had come gliding from his place of hiding in one side of the room, with a stiletto in his hand. The hand with the stiletto in it was making its descent, with the intention of putting an end to a Sheriff who had been giving this class of citizens a great deal of trouble for some months back. One blow with the butt of the Sheriff's gun on the Italian's head was sufficient to put that individual beyond doing any immediate harm. The Italian was dragged out and taken with the others to the county jail.

The Sheriff stepped back into the house to see the man who had warned him and was amazed when he saw Robert walking, in short fettered steps, toward him, with outstretched fettered hands.

"You did not yell any too soon to save my life," said the Sheriff. "I want to thank you, whoever you are, for having saved my life. What are you doing in this place and with those things on your hands and feet?"

What does this mean? How did you come to be here?"

"It means," answered Robert, "that some days ago, I do not know how many, I attempted to rescue my sweetheart from the hands of the white slavers in the city. I was tapped on the head and fell unconscious and in that condition was brought here and when I came to I found myself in an upstairs room of this joint. The Italian who keeps this place, and who just attempted to take your life, came to me last night and told me that I had to be moved from the room as there was to be a big game, much money and plenty of beer to-night.

"Sheriff," continued Robert as they were walking from the shack, "do you believe in prayer?"

"I certainly do. Why?" came the quick response and question.

"Well, I guess you came in answer to my prayer." Robert looked happy and confident as he spoke.

Robert was helped into the automobile, by the side of the Sheriff, and was taken to the County seat. On their arrival the Sheriff took Robert into his own home to spend the night. The first thing done by the Sheriff was to cut the shackles which bound Robert and give him his freedom.

"Once more free," said Robert as the handcuffs fell to the floor and he gripped the Sheriff by the hand. Robert was introduced to the Sheriff's wife, as a man who had saved his life.

Robert begged the Sheriff not to hold him as a witness in the case as he wanted to be on his way to rescue his sweetheart from the hands of her tormentors if it was in his power. The Sheriff gladly let him go and bade him Godspeed. The Colorado Southern train

carried a passenger south the following morning who was packed full of determination. Robert was resolved to be prepared for the next attempt that should be made against him.

On arriving in the city in which he had been slugged he hastened to the house on Lamar Street where he had last seen Sarah, only to find that she had been removed a short time before his arrival. He knew that he was still being tracked and that his release from the Italian's hands was known in the city. He pondered if his father was still in the city and whether he would have another opportunity of meeting up with him.

"God," he said to himself as he stepped out of the house and turned toward Seventeenth Street, "where have they taken her? To what is she gone? I believe that my father would have her killed rather than that I should have her in my possession."

CHAPTER XIII

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE

ROBERT WILLIAMS spent a number of days in a fruitless searching of the city, with the hope of finding the place of Sarah's confinement. In those days he did not get so much as a hint as to her whereabouts. Not a single clue was found as to what became of her after the night he had seen her in the dive on Lamar Street.

He sat in the lobby of the leading hotel of the city one evening, discouraged and downcast. He knew not what to do or where to look. There was in his eyes a far-away look and a close observer could have seen at a glance that he was in deep trouble. To a stranger he had the appearance of a man ready to commit any crime, for despair marked him as a man of desperation. He occupied the same chair for more than two hours, absolutely unconscious of his surroundings or of what was taking place in the lobby of the hotel. Men and women, many of them gay and happy, came and went but all unseen by him. While he sat in deep meditation the chair by his side was occupied by a man whom he did not know and whose coming he had not even observed. The newcomer was watching Robert closely as though trying to solve the problem of the man by his side.

"Are you a stranger in this city?" the man ven-

tured to ask Robert, after the lapse of some minutes.

"Yes," was all the reply that the stranger received to his question, and the brevity of the answer showed the stranger that Robert was not caring to be questioned any further.

"I have lived here practically all of my life," at length the stranger observed. He saw the troubled look on Robert's face and determined that he would not be put off in an attempt to divert Robert's mind from his trouble if within his power. "Where is your home?"

Robert snapped out the name of the city in Ohio where his father ran the saloon and said, "That's all the home I know and it is probably mine no longer." Robert's words were an invitation to the stranger to leave him alone with his thoughts.

"I had a strange experience, about two weeks ago, in a house in Lamar Street, in which a girl from the city you name was involved," was the remark of the stranger, some minutes later, for he saw all that Robert was coming to and resolved not to be put away from interesting him.

The moment the words were out of the stranger's lips Robert was all attention. He brightened up at once and the stranger observed it. Robert thought he saw a chance of learning something concerning Sarah.

"Tell me about it," requested Robert.

The stranger was surprised at the change in Robert's attitude. He leaned forward in his seat, looked Robert in the face, and with minuteness described the experiences he had passed through in the very house from which Robert had been hurried the night that he saw Sarah taken up the stairway. The man told of how he

had rescued the girl from the hands of the brute and of the blow the girl had administered to the bully with the water pitcher as he was rising, carrying Robert's informer with him.

"Can you tell me how the girl looked?" asked Robert, breaking into the man's conversation.

The stranger started a description and had scarcely finished the first sentence when Robert was leaning forward and scanning the man's face, fearing that perhaps this was another plan of his father's to catch him and take him away. Robert was wondering if this man, too, was one of the gang and belonged on his father's pay roll. Robert soon saw that this man was different. He felt that his suspicions were unfounded and as a result he gave his undivided attention to the words of description which were given. The man finished the description of the girl and then told Robert all that had taken place that night and of how he was met at the foot of the stairs by a man, who told him that the girl had left the house on the run.

"My father!" groaned Robert as the man described the one who had told him of the girl's leaving. "My father," he repeated. "He has tried to bring that girl down and make her bend to the traffic but I guess she will not yield to their dirty designs on her."

"I should say she won't yield to them," answered the stranger. "They may kill her with the treatment they are giving her but they will never succeed in forcing her into the life of the 'district.'"

"They'll not kill her, by God, if I can hinder them!" exclaimed Robert.

Robert then told the man by his side of his love for Sarah and of his father's acts in taking the girl away. He told of Sarah's home and of how his father had

broken it up and that the girl's father was spending a ten year sentence in the Ohio State Penitentiary.

"Do you have any idea where she is now?" asked Robert.

"No," came the answer to the question and it made him heartsick. Continuing, the stranger said, "I spent all that night in an attempt to find her but I could get no trace of her. Now that you tell me that that was your father who told me that she left the house and of what his designs are on the girl, I suspect that she did not leave the house that night. They told me she did, no doubt, with the purpose of getting me out, for I surely would have stayed there until I got her away had I known she was in the place."

The clock in the hotel lobby chimed out the hour of eleven at night when Robert and his new-found friend arose and left the hotel together by the Seventeenth Street entrance. On stepping onto the street they turned to the right and walked down to Lamar Street, turned into it and went down as far as the Fourteenth Street resort. They entered the house, which had been the scene of that last night that Robert had spent on the row. The two men spent the whole night in searching from den of vice to den of infamy but not a trace of Sarah did they get. It was almost daybreak when they decided to give up the search for the present.

"I've seen the last of the life of the brothel," said Robert's companion of the night, "unless I come in contact with this life with a view of helping some one to rise out of it. I shall never see it again for any other purpose. I've always supposed that the girls who came into this life did so of their own volition but it is not so. I've talked with a hundred of them since that night when I rescued your sweetheart from the hands of

that brute and it is one long dismal story of betrayal upon betrayal. Why cannot men, when tempted to ruin the life of an innocent girl, think of their own mothers or sisters? I cannot understand it. Since that night I tremble when I hear a young man telling the vile and vicious stories of the street for the very telling of them indicates that the character is becoming honeycombed and once it is I fear the end of that young man. The mind cannot be caused to dwell upon the vile and the vicious without influencing the flesh and unless the man is of exceptional strength his own overthrow is not far off."

"The innocence of those young girls is often their undoing," said Robert. "I have asked many a young girl how she came to enter the life of shame and the answers are as numerous as the girls, but all point to one thing, and that is that they do not know what they are doing or where the act they are about to perform will end. The mother is to blame in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

"One night, not long ago, I sat by the side of an habitu  of these dens and she told me the story of her life. She could have told all she did in fifteen minutes but it took her two hours for she was so broken up that she sat minutes at a time with her face buried in her hands and weeping for shame. That girl could not understand why her mother had left her in ignorance of herself until she came to ruin and then, when the mother learned of her child's condition, she turned her out of the home for having, as she said, disgraced the family name. That girl declared that she knew no better. She told me of how she used to sing in a large chorus choir in the church of which she was a member. She was a beautiful girl, at least she must

have been before sin disfigured her, both in face and form. The leader of that choir was a bachelor of about thirty-five years of age. The girl at that time was only eighteen years of age. The leader asked her to attend an opera with a view, as he said, of studying some of the voices. The same reason was given to the girl's mother and thus was her consent given. The girl went with him and enjoyed every minute of the opera. After the opera he invited the girl to go out to lunch with him. She could not see any harm in it and went. The girl's perfect confidence in the man and in his Christian profession led her to put herself fully into his hands.

"The following morning she awoke a ruined child and in shame and disgrace she yielded herself to the life of sin with that man. When ruined by him he threatened her and sent her home to her mother, who turned her out and into the life of the brothel from which she could have saved her by a friendly chat.

"The most fruitful feeding ground of the traffic is the public dance halls. What gets me is that, with all the evidence of the work wrought by these dance halls, of how they are rehabilitating the houses of shame, that our city authorities do not close them up. I have followed innocent girls, and the man who had invited them out to lunch, as they went down the stairs and through inviting hallways to a room back of some saloon and their escort had sent in the order and the girls have partaken of what was ordered, without a blush, for they were led to believe that that which they were partaking of was a temperance drink.

"My greatest astonishment, however, is that mothers will let their daughters attend the public dance hall where the only recommendation required for admission

is the ability to put up the price asked by those who run the place. If the girl is to go then her mother should go with her or satisfy herself of the safety of the establishment before she allows her daughter to go.

"I have been forced to investigate this matter myself and I am satisfied that the vast majority of these girls come from the tenement district or poorer residence sections of the city. It is almost one continuous story of liking to dance, and because the father was a drunkard or worse the girls could find no social atmosphere in which to satisfy the social instinct. They had no place but the public dance hall that was open to them and so they wandered in.

"In order to attend the dances, and to have an attractive enough appearance, they had to have clothes which it was impossible for them to purchase out of their scanty incomes, and as a result they were easily led into accepting small favors from the men who approached them where they worked or on the dance room floor. Once having accepted the favors they knew what was expected. The vast majority of these girls went as lambs to the slaughter. What puzzles me is how men can be guilty of the work of ruin. I cannot see why the city does not do something in the way of establishing municipal dance halls under proper supervision, so that they might, at small expense, save these innocents rather than spend enormous sums in the attempt to reform them or to keep them from becoming a public nuisance."

"I am a lawyer," broke in Robert's companion of the night, "and during the past few days I have assumed case after case and have spent a great deal of my time in the work of preparing to prosecute the

assumed cases of white slavery only to find that there is no definite law under which to prosecute them. Some of our States have drastic laws against the business but the business in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases is not a State's business but the nation's business. The individual whom the slaver seeks to ruin is taken from the State where she is 'procured' and hurried over the line into some neighboring State. What is needed is some drastic law, passed by our Congress, that will bring the people who are engaged in the traffic in girls, in any manner, before the United States courts for trial and punishment.

"In many of our cities nothing can be done as a stand-in with the police force and with the political machine that runs the city government can hinder, not only an arrest, but a conviction if once arrested. It is surprising what revelations are brought to a man when once he commences to investigate this business with care. It is bad enough to see our city authorities protecting the business but it is horrible to think of the business being taxed or rather assessed and compelled to yield up the price of woman's virtue to aid the machine. It seems almost incredible that men who are sworn to enforce the law can be guilty of complacency in the breaking of the law. The police force of this city for instance might just as well be blind men, but if they were blind they could not see the many offerings that are handed out to them as the price of silence and inaction.

"One night, not more than a week ago, I strolled down Lamar Street with a view to getting some clue to work on for the rescue of the girl that I helped the night you were put out of business. I sat in a house, or rather a saloon annex, until midnight. As the clock

struck twelve the proprietor of the saloon closed up the front door to the barroom but left a side door, through a long hallway to the rear, open. The room in the rear and the many booths were filled to their capacity with men and women drinking. I stayed in that place until after two in the morning and the business was at full blast all the time. Between the hour of midnight, the closing hour under the laws of the State and the ordinances of the city, and two o'clock in the morning, not less than four different policemen came into the place, some of them more than once, and, taking a drink, walked out with no thought of his oath of office in which he promised to enforce the laws. If he had a notion to enforce the laws and close the place his effort would have been rewarded by his being fired from the force or reduced to some outlying district of the city for his officiousness.

"Some day the great American nation will wake up. It may take some years but such cases as this one in which you are so interested will help mightily to get a national law with which to bring the slavers and their aides to bar. Our girls will not be safe until such a law is passed. The gang are always afraid of going up against a National law.

"I called in some help from the detective agencies of the city and as a result I found that the business of girl 'traffic' is a thoroughly organized business with a specific agreement among the members of the slavers' organization. They are connected up with correspondents in every city in the union. They have a cypher code for all telegraph business and when too closely pressed they have agents in Canada and Old Mexico. In Canada the laws are rather stringent and there is not a great deal done by way of forcing girls

across the northern border line unless there is no other way to get away from those who are closing in on them. In Old Mexico, however, the traffic is worked in both directions. They ship white girls from this country into Mexico, and Spanish and Mexican girls into this country. It is not difficult to 'procure' girls in Old Mexico as their own mothers, in multitudes of cases, will sell their own daughters into the life. I have learned that mothers will sell their own daughters for the sum of fifteen to twenty dollars to men who represent to the mother that they are to use them as servants, but once taken from the mother they are taken into the 'traffic.'

"If ever I can land in a position where I can do it I intend to use all my powers and all my influence to get a law passed that will end this 'traffic' for all time in this country.

"This country put an end to African slavery and thereby helped humanity forward the world over and this country must lead out in ending this 'traffic' in the daughters of American homes.

"We will never be able to make permanent any reform in this country so long as there is one open saloon to be found in it. Every particle of the evil centers in the saloon. Every deal with the police is made through the ward heeler who is the tool of the open saloon. The police force of our cities is the saloon's most able ally. The saloon, aided by the brewers and distillers, nominate, elect and control the administration of the city. America will soon learn her lesson. The saloon and her allies have learned theirs and would like to get out of politics, but as the business is now handled they would all go bankrupt without engaging in politics. Once the American people realize where the

vicious and corrupt resort they will kill the saloon as they would a snake."

"One thing is certain," said Robert, "and that is that commercialized vice is founded on one basis and one alone. The desire to get profit. Rob it of that, create a better economic condition in the honest walks of life, and vice as a commercial element in our civilization will be wiped out. Nearly all of those who come into this life are poor girls. The per cent. of those who are not poor is so small as not to be taken note of. Our department of justice has been trying to force this idea down the throats of our people for years back.

"Poverty, according to official investigation, whether it be the result of a low family income, or of insufficient wages for a girl living by herself, touches the question of immorality many ways. It decides the girl's companionships, her amusements, her ability to gratify without danger her natural and reasonable tastes, her very capacity for resistance to temptation. Its physical effects open the way to moral dangers.

"Those girls in poor surroundings and in underfed conditions crave with an intensity which we cannot realize, something to make them forget their discomfort, to divert their minds from the weariness of their lives. That is why they flock to these cheap places of amusement. They are the only places they can afford to go. In these surroundings they find temptations on every hand and they are in poor physical condition to resist it. The great wonder to me is that so few of them go down under it.

"The 'procurers' of this business have close affiliation with the keepers of the dives, while the keeper has affiliation with the city government who protects his

rights to deal in women for a consideration. The facts are that the city government, in too many cases, is controlled by those interests that 'profit by cheap labor. How can the daughter of a home where there are six to ten children to feed and clothe, expect to find means of satisfying her social instinct? She is driven into the very lowest surroundings. It is not necessarily her choice of surroundings. Her surroundings, by our social inequalities, have been chosen for her. If she is to stay out of such vile surroundings, then we must find some process of changing her nature and robbing her of a social taste. The poor as well as the rich have a developed social instinct. They will get together.

"The opportunity is present and has been for years for our city government to take over the caring for this social instinct and producing proper surroundings for its satisfaction. A better way of dealing with the matter is for the government to take such necessary steps as will force the other side of the proverb: 'If a man will not work neither shall he eat.' It is well that we put this proverb high before men, but above this proverb in most of our establishments where men find employment there should be placed another in larger and more glaring letters: 'If a man will work then shall he eat.' Our American home life will be changed when we learn to look upon our employee and see how his home is kept up, how his wife is dressed and how his children are being cared for. We take our annual inventory and foot up our profits and losses. Why not enter the home of the employee and add to the inventory the human element? Why not follow his daughter down to the gate of death, forced there by an inequality in the division of profits? Why not follow that girl, whose wages would not keep her, into the home or room

provided by her 'steady'?

"Some day we will learn, for some day we will be forced to consider. If by some means we could bring home to every American fireside the sad stories we hear we might be able to effect a reform. When one tries to bring it, the books, magazines and papers conveying the information, are tabooed and put out as indecent. Is truth indecent? Will not indecency increase so long as people maintain an ignorance of conditions which produce indecency?"

CHAPTER XIV

THE RESCUE

ROBERT WILLIAMS had determined to go back to his home city in Ohio and could scarcely wait for the day to come that he might be on his way. He hoped by returning to his home he might get back on the track of Sarah. The first train East carried him as a passenger and with determination he pressed forward. He would find his father, he determined, and force him to reveal the whereabouts of Sarah Moore or suffer the consequences of his refusal to make the desired revelation. Robert's mind was fully made up that his father must give up the secret.

"He must do as I command him," Robert said to himself as he sat in the observation car. "I am done with him forever. I have severed all connection with him. Never again will I lodge under his roof or eat a meal at his table. I would choke on food purchased with such money. He has driven himself out of my life and from this day forward I will treat him for what he is. In every sense of right and justice he is an outlaw. He has broken every commandment of God and every law of man. The most sacred vows of life, those of holy wedlock, he took on himself and in them he vowed to love, honor, cherish and protect my mother as his wife. The very day he made those vows he commenced to break them, until at length he

killed her and then feigned sorrow as he followed the remains of the woman he had murdered, by slow degrees, to the grave. The very monument he erected over her grave is a mockery, and the enlarged picture of her face which now hangs on the wall in the parlor is a sign of his hypocrisy and an evidence of his infamy.

"He has entered a hundred homes and the slime of his serpentine nature has laid its mark across the threshold of the homes which he has brought to ruin and despair. Not a city in the Union but has, confined within some of its houses of shame, girls whom he drugged either to take to himself for his own use or to sell into the 'traffic.' At death's door at this very hour, there lies more than one girl and as her life ebbs away she is praying down the curses of heaven upon the head of my father for the work he wrought in them. As filthy diseases are sapping the life out of others and they lie there in their agony, many of them driven insane, and though their minds are gone, their very insane ravings are a curse upon his head. The pauper burying grounds cry out on him as he passes by, for there lie, in premature graves, the girls whom he sent to death for dollars.

"He will get Sarah for me and return her to her home or I'll send him where he belongs. I have enough evidence to send him to the gallows without even mentioning what he has done in putting my mother to death and I'll give it up too."

Robert sat long in meditation. Nothing seemed to draw his thoughts from the mission of his life, the saving of Sarah Moore from the hands of his father and his minions.

"But if I should procure his arrest and conviction

on what I know concerning him," Robert said to himself later, "he would refuse to help me or give me any information of any value as to the location of Sarah. He knows that once the law clutches him nothing under heaven can procure his release, and that he will never be able to clear himself once the chain of evidence commences to draw in on him. I cannot send him up until Sarah is in my possession, but he will have to tell me where she is or I'll forget that he is my father and grind him to powder with my own hands. He will find that I am not to be put off this time. I have given him all the chance he deserves but now he will find that I am master."

On the arrival of Robert's train in his home city he did not find it as easy to get hold of his father as he thought it would be. His father knew that he was on the way and as a result he left the city, over the Michigan Central, for the West almost at the very minute when the son arrived on the train from the West. This was the information that was conveyed to Robert at his father's saloon as soon as he made inquiry as to where his father might be found.

Robert found a room in one of the city's hotels and sat down to think, for he never had figured on his father attempting to get away from meeting him. Then, too, he could not understand how his father knew the hour of his arrival in the city. It all came to him at length that his father was putting up money plentifully in keeping in touch with his every move. Robert decided that there must have been a man on his track all the way from the Rocky Mountain City and that at some point on the way he had wired the father the hour of the arrival of the train. The question to which Robert gave his attention now was as to who was shadowing

him and how he could evade him. He wondered if the man had taken a room in the very hotel with him or if some other man was put on the job on his arrival in the home city. He commenced from this hour to keep close watch of every man and if he saw a man about him with any degree of frequency his suspicions were at once aroused and he attempted to get away from him.

Robert entered the Fayette "district" the night of his arrival home. He entered with a view of studying conditions and if possible getting an acquaintance with the life of the underworld that he might be the better able to care for himself and understand the people and the conditions under which they lived. He desired to know the life in order the better to enter into it should necessity demand it of him. He knew that his actions, when in the resorts, marked him as a newcomer to the life. He knew that with his limited knowledge he created suspicion every time he entered a house or saloon in the "district" in any city. He felt that he must know the surroundings so well that he would not create any further suspicion. He felt how repugnant the task was and he knew that every hour that he spent in the brothel was an hour that required him to muster his best to overcome the influence of the worst. He shrank from the very contamination with the vile and the vicious but he must do it. The happiness of himself and Sarah required it so his love led him on.

Each night he penetrated deeper and deeper into the "district." Each night added new scenes of infamy and vice. It was on the fourth night after his resolve to study the "district" that he wandered into a saloon where music was being dispensed by a mechanical piano. On entering he stepped up to the bar and asked for a

glass of ginger ale. While drinking it he was taking in his surroundings with a studious eye. He observed a wide door standing open and the adjoining room was filled to its capacity with men and women sitting at tables and drinking together. As soon as Robert had emptied his glass he strolled into the room in a careless manner. Many of the women, as well as the men, at the tables were in a state of intoxication. The conversation which was being carried on by the habitués of the place, was beyond the conception of a man who has not become hardened to the life of the "district" with all its vice and filth. The sights Robert looked on were sickening, for no one could be made to believe that human beings could be brought lower than the animals, but here the animal instincts were in riot.

Robert passed through the room and descended two steps to a room in the rear. In this room he saw the most sickening sights. Here were white men and black women, black men and white women mingling together in the most intimate manner. White men sat on benches with colored girls on their laps while white girls stood, by gambling tables, and round their waists were the arms of colored men. Here he beheld the nations blended in vice. White, black, Chinese and Italians all mingling in an equality of viciousness. They were shooting craps and playing chuck-a-luck together, while the air they were breathing was foul with the awful odors of stale booze and disease. Waiters were passing in and out and carrying trays, filled to their capacity, with drinks from the bar.

Many of the girls in this dive made approaches to Robert for they saw that he was alone and the evidences were on him that he was not a frequenter of

the "district." They also scented money on him and were on the lookout to clean him out by fair means or foul if they got a chance. Robert turned the girls away from him with disgust but in many cases he had to throw them bodily from his side. He stood gazing on the scene and his heart bled within him.

"Can it be possible that my father knows that girls can sink to this awful depth once they yield their lives to this traffic and still be guilty of wiling them away from their mothers by craft and force?"

Robert turned from the scene and was passing out of the place, with a view of going to his room in the hotel and writing to Sarah's father informing him of all that had taken place to date. He came up the two steps onto the floor level of the front room and was winding his way toward the outside door. He was forced to pass around the tables to get out. As he passed a table, at one side of the room, and somewhat exclusive, he heard a groan which attracted his attention. He turned his head and looked down in the direction from whence the groan had come. He beheld a girl about sixteen years of age lying almost prostrate across a table and by the side of the table sat a man about thirty years of age, a man with the eye and bearing of a beast. Robert took in the situation at a glance, and for fear of attracting attention he moved to a vacant chair at the opposite side of the room and yet where he could see all that was going on. The man who had the girl in charge was well dressed, while the appearance of the girl showed her to belong to the middle or rather well-to-do working class of the community. Robert sat back to watch the developments in the case. He wondered what the next stage would be. He did not have long to wait, for

the young girl with outstretched arms lunged forward and fell flat across the table while she was seated in a chair at its side. The man who was with her watched her for a few seconds to see if she would give any evidence of returning consciousness. The girl failing to come to or show any signs of moving for a period of fully five minutes, the man by her side decided that she was fully under the drug. He rose, placed his hands under the girl's arms and lifted her into a sitting position in the chair. He then picked up the chair, with the girl lying back in it, and started to move across the room in the direction of the side door. Robert watched the man's every move and the blood fairly boiled in his veins. The question in Robert's mind was what he would do when the minute came to act, for he knew himself well enough to know that he would do something rather than let that man pass into the side room with the innocent girl in his arms. Robert rose from where he sat and moved along the wall as though uninterested in his surroundings. The man with the girl reached the door of a side room and was about to pass in when Robert stepped in front of him and occupied the doorway so that it was impossible for the other to get through with his burden.

"I would like to enter that door if you would get out of my way," said the ruiner of girls to Robert.

"What do you want to enter for?" asked Robert, calmly.

"Hell," said the man, "you don't need to ask that question. You are not blind, are you? Can't you see what I have on my hands? A nice young pullet."

"You're not going into that room with that girl," said Robert, and his reply indicated that he would prevent it by force if need be.

"What do you mean?" asked the man. "Do you intend to try to keep me out of that room? Who owns this place?"

"I don't know who owns the place and what is more I don't care who owns it," was Robert's reply. "You will enter that room with that girl only after I am unable to hinder you any longer. I want to warn you that I'll hinder you if it is the last thing that I do on this earth."

The man set his burden down and stepped up in front of Robert as though to force him back. He saw what was before him and instead of taking hold of Robert he looked him over and said:

"You —— fool, don't you know better than to start anything in here?"

"This seems to be the place where it must start," said Robert quietly. "There is no place else now. That innocent girl, wiled here by you, from the dance hall around the corner is not going into that room with you to-night if I can hinder it and I think I can."

"Who said she came from the dance hall around the corner?" asked the man and he wondered if Robert had been shadowing him all evening.

"Her dance list card around her neck," Robert answered. "You might just as well take her out of here. I do not know who she is nor do I know anything about her history, but whether she has given herself up to this life or not in the past is not the question. She is here to-night evidently against her will or you would not have doped her."

The man took hold of Robert and attempted to remove him from in front of the door, only to find that the job he had on his hands was not an easy one. By

this time the habitués of the place were all attention and many were getting out of the house for they knew that a fight would attract and bring the police and they did not wish to be pulled with the house or forced to appear as witnesses. The attention of the proprietor of the resort was called to the matter. He rose from his desk in the barroom and walked deliberately up to Robert and ordered him to leave the place if he did not want to get more than he bargained for.

"I've had my eye on you ever since you came in here," said the proprietor.

"Well I hope it has not hurt your eyesight," said Robert. "You have not seen me do anything I'd be ashamed of."

"I want to know if you will get out of here peaceably?" asked the owner.

"I will not leave the place while that girl is in it and in the condition she is in now unless she goes too." Robert spoke the words with deliberation and they all knew that he meant what he said.

"I'll call the police in to take you out unless you leave peaceably," said the proprietor in anger.

"Call the police! What a joke," said Robert smilingly. "Bring the whole force in for all I care. There is nothing that would suit me better than to have a fight with them while they were helping you and this brute to ruin a girl of sixteen summers right here in the heart of the city. Call the police! Ha, ha, that is a good one. I'd enjoy showing the police force of this city up for what they are. You bring them in, please bring them in, and I'll show them what is what if it takes every dollar I have on earth to do it. I'll leave here peaceably when a carriage is brought to the door and that girl is placed in it by the side of the party whom I

shall call, for you are not going to attach anything to me. I'll not even go with the girl myself for I know your gang."

Robert then gave the proprietor a telephone number to call and stood guard over the door until the cab came and Mrs. Hadley of the Volunteers of America came to the girl's side. The girl was carried out and placed in the cab by the side of two of Mrs. Hadley's assistants and the cab started for the rescue home.

Robert Williams was walking with deliberation from the place when the man who had brought the girl to the resort said:

"You'll pay for this interference yet and pay — dear for it too."

"Perhaps I will," answered Robert, "but when I am paying for it I will have the consciousness of having taken a girl, in her innocence, from the hands of a lecherous devil."

The words were no sooner out of Robert's mouth when the door of the place was thrown open and a man in a state of bordering on insanity rushed through the doorway.

"Is there a girl here by the name of ——?" here the man gave the name of his daughter. "But you do not know her name." The man then described the girl minutely and every one in the place knew that it was the girl who had just been carried out. "I traced her here from the dance hall around the corner. She was to have been home hours ago. Her mother and I let her go because we had confidence in the man who accompanied her."

The man who had brought the girl to this resort turned as if to pass through the bar room and leave the place but before he could take a step from the

scene Robert stepped in front of him and demanded that he wait. The man was forced around and when the father of the girl saw his face he yelled out:

"What have you done with her? Where is she? Why did you bring her to this hellhole?"

"This fellow," said Robert to the father of the girl, "had your daughter here and had her drugged. I was leaving the place and, hearing a groan over at that table, I sat down to await the finish for I saw what was being attempted. As this man was taking the girl to the door to enter that room over yonder I stopped him by stepping in front of the door and refusing to let him go in with the girl. The girl has just left here in a cab in company with some women from the rescue home of the Volunteers."

"You fiend, you wolf in sheep's clothing, you incarnate devil," raved the father, addressing the man by Robert's side. "You have been a guest in my home, through the courtesy of a mutual friend of ours. That friend does not know you or he would kill you for betraying his confidence. You have accepted the hospitality of my home for almost two weeks and, having gotten into the confidence of the family, you asked for the privilege of taking our daughter to a dance and then you betray that confidence by bringing her here to effect her ruin. For two pins I'd kill you for the snake that you are, but I'll not, for if I should lay my hands on you it would bring the girl into the case and ruin her reputation forever. All I have to say to you is this, you get out of this city by the next train, for should I find you in this city again or hear that you are still in it, I'll make away with you as sure as there is a just God in heaven."

"I do not know who you are, sir," said the father

of the girl as he addressed himself to Robert, "but I will never be able to repay you for what you have saved our daughter from."

"I did not do it for thanks," was Robert's answer. "I know something of this life and to what it leads and where it ends. Would to God every father and mother knew what I know of this life. Would that they would only be willing to learn. They would not let their daughters enter these public dance halls with any man, no matter how well they knew him. The surroundings of the public dance hall will effect the ruin of a man as well as a woman, no matter how pure they are when they enter them. The very dance programme is an appeal to the sensuous.

"At this very hour I am in search of a girl who has been drugged and taken away and my presence in this place is not through choice but of necessity. I visit these resorts to study the life that I might know it sufficiently well not to be easily steered off when once I hit the trail. I have been rather easily gotten out of the way up to the present."

The girl whom Robert had rescued came to about an hour after entering the home of the Volunteers and when she came to consciousness she shuddered as she saw a man seated by her side, but a smile of safety swept across her face as she beheld her father. She was taken to her home and to a larger care from that hour.

Robert returned to his room, after the experiences of the night, at almost three o'clock in the morning. He sat by the window of his room and all the light he had was the light from the lamps on the street.

"Strange," he said to himself as he sat in the shadows, "that in the United States of America and in the

great Commonwealth of Ohio and in one of her principal cities a man can see such scenes and can take part in such a tragedy as that in which I have been engaged during the past few hours. The laws of the State and the ordinances of this city expressly forbid the harboring of women in saloons or in rooms adjoining them. The laws of the State and city forbid, in positive terms, the having of a rooming house for immoral purposes in the same building, in a yard adjoining the same building, also forbid gambling in any form in, on or about such premises, and yet while I sat in that dive to-night the policeman on that beat entered and passed through the establishment, joked with the girls, allowed some of the best lookers to kiss him and before leaving the place stepped up to the bar and accepted, from the proprietor, a drink of whiskey and a cigar.

"If the city authorities are lax in the enforcement of the laws, then where are the forces of the State? Is it not time that every good citizen should arouse to the duty at his door and crush the business, not only of the brothel, but of its most fruitful ally, the saloon, out of existence?"

How ignorant a man can be, although living in the midst of such surroundings all his life, as had Robert Williams. He did not know that the city ordinances were passed to quiet the cry of the moral forces, who held a celebration over the victory in getting the measure passed, not knowing, that before the ink was dried which indicated officially that the measure had been passed, those who had voted for the passage of the measure had forgotten what they had done and never thought about it again until the moral forces had the name inscribed in the list of those worthy candidates who were up for reelection. The measure was passed

with no intention of enforcing it. Votes were cast for the passage of the measure on the promise of the administration that it would not be enforced. It was passed for political effect only.

So far as the law of the State was concerned Robert had not learned that no law is strong enough to enforce itself against the majority sentiment of the individual community. The mayor of the city, Robert learned later, had said, on more than one occasion, when asked relative to his oath of office, taken at the time he was sworn in:

"An oath of office is a mere form of induction into office without any serious intent."

"I decide within myself what laws I will enforce and what laws I will not enforce," was another saying of the same mayor.

"I'll take the matter into my own hands," was Robert's remark to himself, as he rose at the end of more than an hour, and walked toward his bed. "Never again will I consult the police, for every time I have done so it has been a give-away on myself. I learned to-night, in the threat of the saloon man and brothel proprietor, that the police are a part of the system of evil. I am done with them in this fight. If I get a chance at Sarah I'll not ask any police help or protection."

CHAPTER XV

HIS FATHER'S HAND ONCE MORE

HOW it was accomplished, who accomplished it are questions which Robert Williams will never be able to answer. He fell asleep in the early hours of the morning following the night of the rescue of the girl in the dive in Fayette Place in his home city. All that Robert knew was that four days later he awoke in a shack, the like of which he had never seen before. He was sick at his stomach and felt as though he were just recovering from a long period of sickness. He arose to a sitting position, on an improvised bed in one corner of the shack, and looked around him. He saw two men seated, one on each side of a rudely constructed fireplace.

"Where am I?" Robert asked the men as soon as he attracted their attention.

"Ye'er on the western slope o' the Rocky Mountains and near the top o' them," came the answer from the older of the two men.

"What day of the week is it?" asked Robert after some minutes.

"It's Saturday afternoon," was the response to his question.

Robert said nothing further to the men for some minutes. He was deep in meditation. "Saturday, Saturday," he said to himself. "It was Monday night

placed the bottle where the men would find it that he discovered both of them absolutely helpless, lying outside the shack. Robert slipped into the shack and forced the old lady into a small side room and locked the door. He took a large sack and filled it with provisions, took down one of the guns from the wall and all the ammunition he cared to carry, rolled up a few old quilts and started for the top of the range and toward civilization.

How long he wandered toward the East he did not know, but as night was drawing its mantle about the hills he prepared a bed under the shelter of a great rock, and, after partaking of a cold meal, he rolled himself in his quilts and fell into restful sleep. It was not yet day when he was aroused by something cold striking on his face. He sat up to find that, although it was midsummer, a heavy snow was falling. He rose up and waited for daylight to come. He was forced, owing to the wetness of everything about him, to eat a cold breakfast. He then rolled up his bedding and provisions and started out to pick his way. The direction of his wanderings he did not know. The snow was falling heavily, so heavily indeed that he could not see a rod ahead of himself. After more than two hours of tramping he came up at the very point where he had spent the night and realized that he had been traveling in a circle. The storm increased in its fury rather than receded and instead of lying down under the shelter of the rock to await the passing of the storm, Robert, foolishly, started out to seek shelter.

At the close of the day, as the sun sank over the hills toward the West, the storm ceased and the hills were adorned in the white coat of snow, the green of the pine, spruce, hemlock and cedar and the gray of

the massive outcropping rocks from which the snow had slipped as it fell. Robert Williams did not know where he was. Not a familiar sight presented itself to him. He had looked on some of the peaks from the other side but from the West he did not recognize them.

For three days he wandered aimlessly about. In all his wanderings his mind would go back to Sarah and her troubles. Ever he wished that he could be by her side to cheer and to help her. In the midst of his wanderings he heard the sound of falling water and at once his mind said:

"Follow the stream and it will lead you down the mountain and eventually to some habitation."

This last day he had been practically without food and he felt that he must starve unless he soon came to some habitation. He might have shot some game and eaten it but he could not make any fire as his matches had been ruined in the snow and consequent wet.

He hurried forward and in a few minutes struck the head water of the North Fork of the St. Vrain and started the descent. Hour after hour he climbed over fallen trees, circled great boulders, sat a few minutes to get his wind and rest his tired limbs and to be thankful that he was going down the stream rather than attempting to ascend it. He was now on the eastern slope. After such pauses he would rise, stretch himself and commence once more the task of fighting the ravages of time. He reached Ouzel Falls after some hours of effort. The descent, when he reached the falls, was rather dangerous but after great effort he reached the base of the falls and sat down to rest and to view the glory and majesty of the falls which from the point where he sat were in full view. He was filled with wonder and amazement as he gazed on the wild

beauty, grandeur and immensity of them. He thought of the power that was here going to waste. His engineering mind turned to the thought of harnessing the power. He said to himself at length:

"The waters of Niagara have been harnessed and brought into subjection. Electrical power serves man at man's will. You can subdue any power but the power for evil that is in the world. Man can more easily subdue all the powers of nature than the power of his own passions. Once let him yield to his passions and they will eventually rob him of his power to subdue aught else."

Robert arose, rested, at the end of half an hour, and turned about to begin his wanderings by the side of the stream. He had taken but a few steps when he slipped and fell some twenty feet down the side of the rock. He landed within a few feet of the water, in an unconscious condition, for in his fall he had struck his head on the rock. He lay in this condition for some hours, when he was picked up by a couple of fishermen. He was carried or rather dragged, as he was too heavy to carry, a distance of half a mile, loaded into a wagon and taken down to Copeland's Lake where, at midnight, he came to.

Robert did not tell his story to the people at the resort as he feared that once more he would become known and the spotters would be on his track. At the opening of the third day, after he had come to Copeland's, he thanked those who had cared for him, bade them good-by and started, under their directions, for the valley.

He passed through Allen's Park, dropped down to Rock Creek, sat a few minutes at Fern Cliff to enjoy its beauty and then ascended to the top of Stanley Hill.

He had reached the east side of the hill and stood at a point overlooking the South Fork of the St. Vrain River as it goes winding and tumbling down the canyon to bring life and verdure to the valley east of the mountains. As he stood gazing toward the Arapahoe Range and enjoying snowcapped Audubon, from the top of Stanley Hill, he was seen by two men from the opposite side of the St. Vrain. The men stood in the shelter of the rocks over toward Nederland and Ward.

Robert made the descent of the hill and came to the banks of the stream. He was thirsty, so kneeled down by the stream to refresh himself. He not only drank of its waters but also washed his hands and face in them. He arose, at length, refreshed, but on rising he saw two men on the opposite side of the stream and they had him covered with their guns. It was the two men from whom he had escaped after leaving them intoxicated. Robert never expected to see them again. He felt that the snowstorm and all the other events of the days since he left the shack, events which had delayed his progress, would be taken as an evidence that he was lost and would never be found again.

The men took Robert into custody and did not treat him with any degree of care. He had given them trouble and they would take it out on him. They made him walk, while they rode. They forced him to reascend Stanley Hill, at a pace which almost exhausted him. They hurried him along a lonely mountain path to the south of Allen's Park and made their camp for the night at the foot of Old Baldy, that magnificent mountain, towering in the shape of a skull, into the heights. The night at this altitude was cool. The men built a large campfire and sat about it for some hours.

Robert was making close observations of the camp and of the surroundings. At the head of their beds towered a precipice to a height of more than a thousand feet. It was insurmountable. To the right of their camping place there was a massive rock which, at some period in the past, had slid from the side of the mountain. To the left, and at the foot of their sleeping place, was the opening. To get away a man would be in clear sight for at least a mile. Robert could see no way of escape.

"Do you men know why I have been put into your hands?" Robert ventured to ask.

"Never asked any whys and wherefores," was the answer. "We got the money and that's what we's after."

"If you would care to listen to it I'll tell you a story while we sit here by the fire," said Robert. "It will help to pass the time away if it does nothing more."

"It's all right to tell a story but we don't want any story to appeal to a man's feelin's," said one of the men, as he refilled his pipe, and made ready to listen to Robert.

Robert slipped from the log on which he sat and reclined on the ground in front of the fire where the light could play upon his face and, commencing at the beginning, he told the story of Sarah Moore and himself. He told all that he had passed through. He held back nothing.

"So Bill Williams is yer paw," exclaimed one of the men. He spoke in a voice that made Robert tremble for it carried an awful message in it. "That beats the devil. I got an old friend by the name of Sam Moore what would be ashamed o' me if he could see the business into which I've gone. Thet Bill Williams

ruined his home fur him. So he's back o' yer bein' here, is he? And it's his money what we took to hold ye dead or alive."

"Yes," said Robert, "and it is Sam Moore's daughter whose story I told you and I want to get her and make her my wife."

"Bill Williams' job." The man who had been the friend of Sam Moore spoke.

Those were the last words spoken in the camp that night. The three men lay down to sleep. It was restful sleep for all but the friend of Sam Moore.

The men were up with the rising of the sun on the following morning. They had little conversation during the preparation and eating of the breakfast. The moment the meal was finished the man who spoke the last words the night before was seen to be making two packages out of the provisions. He did all in silence. He finished the task at length and then rose to his feet and stood erect in all the dignity of a man whose best seemed to take command and assert itself.

"Here's yer share o' the grub," he said, addressing himself to Robert. He then thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled it out. In the hand was an old purse. He opened the purse and removed a big roll of bills. "Here's the money what Bill Williams is payin' us fur keepin' ye. I didn't know it wuz fur him we wuz doin' the job or I'd a told him to take his money and go to hell with it. Us two needs money pretty bad at times but Bill Williams' money's too dirty fur us to handle. If ye can take it and use it to bring justice on him yer welcome to it. If ye don't take it I'll burn it in the fire.

"We'll give ye a lift to the foot o' Stanley Hill, where we picked ye up yesterday, and ye'll be on the railroad

by night and should land in the city by noon to-morrow, sooner if the train went, but ye'll hev to spend the night at the junction."

The men brought up the ponies and Robert was told to mount one of them as he would have a long enough walk by night. The three men started over the path by which they had entered the camping place the night before.

They stood at the bridge across the St. Vrain at the point where they had picked Robert up the night before, at exactly nine o'clock that morning.

"I do not know how to thank you enough for what you are doing for me," said Robert, addressing the two men.

"Ye don't need to do no thankin'. You go git that father o' yours and if ever ye need him put away ye can call fur me and I'll be delighted to deliver the pill to him what will bring on his last sleep," was the answer to Robert's thanks. "Do ye know thet killin' is too good fur him. Wish I hed a month to give in inventin' a way o' puttin' him out o' business and then I'd like the job o' carryin' out my plan."

"Good by," said Robert. He lifted his hat from his head, "Good be with you and bless you."

"Good by," said the other, "and may the devil stand by ye when ye meet yer paw, fur handlin' him ez a devil's job."

The men mounted the ponies and struck up the hill, to work back to the old cabin across the range, while Robert, with his bundle on his back, started down the road toward the valley. Robert had nineteen miles to travel to the railroad but the most of it was down hill and on a good road. He passed through the beautiful canyon of the South Fork; through the whole walk the



waters of the St. Vrain sang to him the song of hope and love and release from trouble. He stopped at times to rest and as he looked at the rocks by his side and up the hills above him he beheld how the waters had, throughout the centuries, worn the rock down to the present water line. He was learning the lesson of perseverance.

Before Robert left the mouth of the canyon he kneeled down in God's great temple and prayed for Sarah and for her father. Hope returned to him and he walked bravely and hopefully into the little mountain village, the terminus of the railroad line.

CHAPTER XVI

MORE THAN DEATH

IT was three o'clock, on the morning after Sarah Moore had been rescued from the hand of the "breaker in" when she was aroused by the most dreadful and agonizing groans she had ever heard before. She lay on her bed awake for almost an hour and listened. Her heart ached for the one in distress no matter what caused the agony. All thought of further sleep left her, so she arose from her bed and dressed in the house clothes. When dressed she went to the door of her room, to pass out, with the purpose of seeing if there was anything she could do to relieve the distress of the girl whose groans she had been listening to. The door of her room was locked from the outside. She knocked faintly on the door and, receiving no answer, she took hold of the door and shook it violently. After some minutes had elapsed the door was partly opened and the Madam asked:

"What do you want?"

"I wanted to see if there was anything I could do to help that poor girl who has been moaning so frightfully all the night," Sarah answered. "Can I go to her and help her to bear her suffering, for I know she is in distress?"

"Her trouble is mostly in her head but if you want the job o' carin' for her you can sure have it," was

the Madam's answer. "No one else is hurtin' themselves to git the job. It's a —— dirty job you'll be gettin' into I want to tell you. If you go in to help her you'll have to stay with her until she dies and until you've been well fumigated yourself. When disease is eatin' them up as it is eatin' her up in there, there are few what want to go near them. It will perhaps help us to get rid of you too, so you can go."

"I'll go to the poor girl," said Sarah. "Nothing matters now. I'll be glad to be shut in where no one can come to get me. If I contract the disease it will save me from the awful persecution to which I am being subjected."

She was conducted into a side room where, on a bed in the corner, tossed a girl about twenty-one years of age, but who, as a result of the life she had been forced into, looked as though she might be double that age. The girl looked up as she heard the door opened. In her eyes was a wild stare. Sarah Moore stopped in her very tracks as she saw the awful look in the face. The girl on the bed thrust out her disease covered hands, drew the covers from her feet, that Sarah might see the condition and be warned to get away. Sarah started toward the bed.

"Unclean! Unclean! Leave me or you'll get it and die in this agony too." The girl groaned the words out. What they must have meant to her no one would ever know.

"I came to stay with you, to love you, to care for you and to make it easy for you to die," said Sarah. She spoke the words with calmness and deliberation.

"Stay with me!" cried the girl on the bed. "Stay with me! Do you know what it means to stay with me? Do you know what it means to come into a room where

this foul air is to be breathed? You are young. Young as I was when they drugged me and landed me in this dive. That is less than three years ago. Look at me now. Would you think that three years could do this? For the past year I have sat and watched this loathsome disease eating the skin from my flesh and the flesh from my bones. If you get this disease you will never get better of it. It is slow death. I've been 'lying here dying by inches for the past six months. The doctors told me I was all in and done for. Lately the dope they give me has little effect on me and I am suffering the miseries of the damned. I guess I am damned, but if I am the man that brought me to this is double damned and when I meet him in hell he'll pay for all this and more.

"You better leave me now," said the sick girl. "I had no right to give myself up, but when I found I was disgraced, that every one knew of my condition and I could not find a living soul to believe my story, for they all thought I went into this life of my own free will, I gave up and sold myself to the business. O God, what a day that was when I decided to give in! How I am paying for my failure to make the fight even though I had to fight alone.

"Be sure your sins will find you out.' I think those words are in the Bible, at least I've heard them from the preacher's lips.

"'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap,' and my harvest is now on me and I am reaping an awful harvest. Oh what a harvest! The Bible does not have to say those words. If folks will only look about them they will find that those are not decrees of God; they are laws of nature. We will pay, we must pay. There is no escape from paying.

"Go from me now and leave me to my sin and shame. If I could only have had the courage to fight and break away from the life. How many times I have wanted to leave this life, but no way was opened for me to get out of it. One day a woman came here and talked with me. That was before the disease came on me. She looked like my mother and she talked like her too. That was perhaps my chance. She led me to believe in Jesus Christ as my only Saviour. I thought I had become a Christian before that woman left and I think I did. I prayed for myself and found satisfaction in it. It was splendid but it could not last in this den of vice. The woman left me after she had prayed with me and for a few days I kept straight and tried to get out of the life, but there was still no way out.

"Is it not strange that when the church sends its workers to tell us that Jesus is sufficient for our every need and that He can heal us of all our diseases of sin and get us to accept of Him as a Saviour, that they do not take the next step with Jesus themselves and take us by the hand and lift us up. What is the use of bringing us to Jesus here? How can we stay in these places and keep clean? How can we keep thinking of our Saviour in such vile surroundings? How are we to get a living? Where will our bed and bread come from? If we are idle here a day, even through sickness, we are begrudged our bread. There is no place for believers here. The church leaves us here in worse condition than when they found us, for what a place this is when believing. They leave us here half dead. Once we enter such a place as this and give up to it we must cast out our better nature. There is no room for the true, the beautiful and the good in these dens."

"You will wear yourself out," said Sarah, for she observed that the girl was in a state of excitement, bordering on the hysterical. Sarah came closer to the bed.

"I don't want that you shall touch me," said the girl as she drew back and rolled to the farther side of the bed. "I think you will be all right in here if you do not touch me."

"But I came here to help you and if I must touch you to be of help then I'll take the disease, if God wills, and die. There are some things worse than death," said Sarah.

"Oh, God! you spoke the truth then," groaned the girl in an awful and despairing agony. "Some things worse than death and the grave. This is more than a thousand deaths." The girl held out her disease-eaten hands. "Death is what I want, what I have prayed for," she hesitated a moment and then said, "Death is what I'd have if I could get out of here to get something with which to put an end to it all with. I've begged the doctors to put me out of business. I've asked them to leave the poison and I'd take it by accident. There is no way out but to wait. This is the only way out but it is so slow and agonizing."

The following night Sarah sat by the bed of the girl. It was the hour when the girl had evidently come to the end. The sick one reached her hand out and it fell over the edge of the bed. Sarah took it in hers and, notwithstanding its loathsomeness, she stroked it gently. The dying girl stirred, drew herself tense for a moment and then relaxed. A moment later she mustered all her strength for one last message. Her eyes were fixed on a crucifix which she had lifted from under her pillow. She threw it from her to the floor and it

broke into pieces.

"God in heaven," she exclaimed in awful tones of hate, "follow Bill Williams and that big brute that he keeps here to break the will of the unwilling girls," —at the words Sarah trembled. "What you tremblin' about? Did Bill Williams bring you here too? Well look out for that big diseased brute he keeps here. He's worse than Bill Williams, if there are any worse among them."

The girl continued her prayer. "Follow those men and if you know any justice, God, make them pay for this, pay for it in life and then follow them with all your curses into hell. If they have any sons or daughters make them pay for their fathers' crimes."

"No, not that, not that," moaned Sarah Moore. "I know Bill Williams' son and only child. He had a good mother and he is just like her. He is working day and night to get me out of his father's hands and marry me. He followed me to this city and would have rescued me a few nights ago but the hired thugs of his father bagged him and took him away. He was dragged from the house that night."

"Then God," prayed the sick girl, "I'll take back the last of that. Bring Bill Williams into his son's hands and let them fight it out and grant the son the victory. And, God, this girl has been awfully good to come in and stay with me and make it easy for me to go. I want that you will save her from this life and protect her from catching this loathsome disease that is sapping the life out of me. And, God, I don't know that I should ask it, but if you can find any way to save me and take me home with you I wish you'd do it. I don't deserve it, but neither did the thief on the cross nor those that your Son prayed

for when He said, 'Lay not this sin to their charge.'"

The girl fell back on her pillow and lay silent for some minutes, then every muscle in her body seemed to tighten and with the relaxing she passed away. Sarah watched by her for a few minutes to make sure that she was dead. She then rose and called for the Madam. When the Madam came to the door Sarah told her what had taken place. In less than an hour the undertaker came and took the body from the house to his rooms and prepared it for burial in the paupers' field. Sarah Moore was taken back to the room she formerly occupied and which was being paid for by Bill Williams, as her place of concealment, but before going to the room her clothing was burned and Sarah passed through a cleansing process.

Three days after the death of the girl a small red spot appeared on Sarah's right hand. She went to the Madam and showed it to her. The Madam was thoroughly aroused. She did not want another such case in the house. She did not take the trouble to call a physician to examine Sarah but instead she called up the "traffic" manager of the city and asked him to come to the house at once. On his arrival she ordered him to take the girl from the house but gave him no reason for making the demand further than to say that she did not want the house to be made notorious by some tragedy which she was sure would occur should Bill Williams' son or the rescuer of the girl return and find that she was there.

That night Sarah was taken from the house and the room she occupied was fumigated and repapered. Had the Madam known it she could have saved herself all the trouble and expense, for the red spot was not a disease but the work of an underfed bedbug.

Sarah Moore did not know where she was going but she was glad to be going away from the house which had held so much of trial for her. She wanted above all else to be away from the place when the man whom she had knocked senseless, with the water pitcher, returned from the hospital. She knew that should he return she would get no mercy from him and what had been told her by the dying girl made her fear him more than ever.

Sarah looked out of the window of the stateroom of the Pullman car at frequent intervals during the next day but she could not tell where she was, nor the direction in which she was going. The country through which they were passing was desolate and wild. She was not allowed out of the stateroom. Her meals, as well as the meals for the woman who was traveling with her, were brought to them. She was not allowed to have the shade up except between stations and as a result never saw the name of a town on the route until she was being taken from the train at El Paso, Texas, and hurried to a place in a Pullman car on the Mexican Central Road. The train pulled out, crossed to Juarez, Old Mexico, and then started for the South. The next station name that Sarah saw was San Juan del Rio but the name carried nothing to her as to their location. She wondered whether she was in the United States or some other country. The afternoon of that same day she was helped from the train in the City of Mexico and when she learned her location she felt as though all hope had departed, and well she might for in less than thirty minutes she was landed at a house and put in the possession of a Chinaman and his wife. The large door closed behind her and she heard the lock as it fell into its place and saw the Chinaman withdraw the

key. She noted at a glance that all the windows were barred. In this house she was confined for some time. She observed that a white man came to the house with great frequency. The man finally made himself known to her and was evidently trying to work into her good graces. He seemed to have the confidence of the Chinaman and was given the liberty of the house. Sarah saw them in earnest conversation at every visit.

A few days after she had been lodged in the house she was ordered to dress and prepare herself for the street. She obeyed the order and on stepping through the door she met the man with whom she had become acquainted because of his frequent visits to the house. The man was an American and Sarah could converse with him; in fact, he was the only one with whom she had had any conversation since arriving in the city. On coming to the curb Sarah was assisted into a cab which stood waiting. The man stepped in and took a seat by her side. They drove up to the Zocalo and passed around it. Here Sarah had pointed out to her the La Gran Cathedral on one side of the square, the Federal Palace on another, while the public markets and pawn shops were on the third and fourth sides. After viewing the place the cab started down San Francisco Street to the Alameda, through Aveneda Juarez to the entrance to the Paseo De la Forma.

She had been riding for more than two hours when the cab drew up in front of the Chinaman's place and she was assisted to alight. She thanked the man who had so kindly taken her out and expressed her delight with the trip.

"I thought you would enjoy the drive and Sunday is always the gala day in this city," said the man. "It is on Sunday that every family which has any

pretension of social distinction must appear on the Paseo. They all have beautiful turnouts, as you no doubt noted, and they are proud of the opportunity of displaying them. I also thought you would enjoy the music dispensed by the Mexican military bands which you saw located in each of the six gloriates, situated a half mile apart on the Paseo."

When Sarah had passed through the patio and entered her room, she sat down in an easy chair to think and to formulate some ideas which had been passing through her mind all through the drive of the afternoon.

"I wonder," she said to herself, "is this some new scheme that Bill Williams is using in order to effect my ruin. Is he trying to have me won to a surrender by a man attempting to make love to me? Who is this man who is putting himself out to make things pleasant for me? Can it be that a man who appears so kind can be one of the gang? I hate to judge wrongfully concerning any one but I seem to have gotten suspicious of every one and everything. Who is paying for this man's cabs? Can it be possible that a man I never knew should do this for me himself? Why does he frequent such a mysterious place as this?

"I'll not give myself over to these feelings of suspicion," she continued later. "I'll try and stay on my guard and enjoy what is to be enjoyed, but oh, if Robert would only come. If I could only know where he is, what has become of him and what he is doing. I fear something has befallen him. I know he will find me yet, if he is alive, for he will never give up and I'll keep on hoping and praying and looking for his coming."

Sarah got a book and spent the balance of the after-

noon and evening reading. She retired early that night for her drive of the afternoon had revived her depressed spirits.

CHAPTER XVII

ON THE TRAIL ONCE MORE

ROBERT WILLIAMS arrived in the Colorado City the day following that on which he bade good-by to the men who had been hired as his guards, on the banks of the St. Vrain in the Rocky Mountains. As soon as he arrived in the city he went directly to the office of the young lawyer whose acquaintance he had formed, under such strange circumstances, the night he sat discouraged in the lobby of the hotel. Robert sat for some time telling the story of the past to his friend. They started out together to search the city with the hope of getting some clue to work on for the rescue of Sarah. They were sure she was still in the city and they hoped that the days of inactivity on their part might have thrown her protectors off the scent. They searched the balance of the day and all of the following night, but could not get the least hint as to where she was or of what had become of her.

The following evening Robert had to start out alone as the lawyer had engagements that could not be set aside. Robert stepped into a moving picture theater about eight o'clock that evening, as it was too early to enter the "district." He sat and watched through a comedy and a drama and was about tired enough of it to leave when a travel film was announced on the

screen. As a student he stopped to see it, for he was always anxious to add to his fund of information.

"Sunday Afternoon in the City of Mexico" was the title of the film. The action started at the Zocalo, showing the public buildings around it. The audience, by means of the picture, was conducted down San Francisco and Plataros Streets as far as San Juan de Latern Street. They passed along Juarez Avenue by the side of the Alameda, that beautiful park in the center of the city and only a block or two from the leading hotels. The scene showed the immense lottery building at the side of the main entrance to the park. By means of the pictures the audience looked on the Mexican girl in all her finery as a walking advertisement for the millinery and cosmetic trade.

They came at length to the bronze horse statue at the entrance to the Paseo de la Forma, that wonderful avenue, two hundred feet wide, flanked on either side by its double row of immense cyprus trees and between the rows of trees the broad walks with here and there the stone benches, most of which were occupied by the pedestrians who had become wearied and sat down to rest and to gaze on the beauty of the avenue and listen to the bands. All along the three-mile drive, to the home of the President on the Hill of the Grasshopper, called by the Mexicans Chapultepec, were to be seen the statues of two of the leading citizens of each State in the Republic.

In the six gloriates, four hundred feet in diameter, and placed equal distances apart throughout the three-mile drive, were seated the large military bands of Old Mexico, at the expense of the Government, to dispense music to the people who passed along either on foot or in their carriages.

On the right hand side of the Paseo, looking toward the Hill of the Grasshopper, was seen the long line of carriages, many of them drawn by most beautiful horses. Reclining with nonchalant grace amid the cushions of the carriages were the beautiful Spanish, Mexican and foreign girls and women while here and there throughout the procession flitted the Mexican boy on pony back, his decorated sombrero and charo suit adding color to the whole scene of beauty and action.

The film gripped Robert and he was all attention. For some months before his graduation he had been studying conditions in Old Mexico with the thought of going into the country to practice his profession of engineering. He learned by the "leaders" which were inserted that the Paseo was the conception of the Empress Carlotta. The scene shifted after a time and they were ushered into the gardens of Chapultepec where they flitted about amid the giant trees, finally taking the winding road to the top of the hill and to the home of the cadets, the West Point of Old Mexico, and the home of the President.

The view from the esplanade was beautiful indeed. Tacubaya, almost hidden by the surrounding trees, is seen in the middle distance and beyond on the rising hills were to be seen other towns and villages. The film took them through the gardens to the overhanging balcony on the other side and they looked out over the broad sweeping plain of the valley. To the right they beheld the field of Churubusco and farther on the shimmering waters of Lake Texcoco, while in front the magnificent city with its hundreds of towers was to be seen. Beyond the city's spreading squares could be seen the hill and church of Guadalupe. They looked

toward the left and beheld the suburb of Tacuba, the hill of Los Remedios and near to where they stood was the battle ground of Molino del Rey. Robert lifted his eyes to the top of the picture and away in the distance, dimly outlined, he beheld mounts Popocatepetl and Isteuycatal and on to Maloncha. From the tops of the mountains his eyes fell to the beautiful valleys.

The film was drawing to a close as they descended the hill. The cabs were passing in review before the audience when Robert leaped to his feet and rushed toward the screen. The people in the movie house thought him crazy and it did not allay their fears when he leaped up and yelled at the top of his voice:

"Stop that cab and let me have that girl."

A policeman touched Robert on the shoulder and he remembered where he was, turned and spoke to the policeman and then walked from the show room and to his boarding place.

"Sarah in the City of Mexico?" he said to himself as he stepped into his room.

He sat in reflection, on the side of his bed, for some minutes. He was trying to come to some decision as to what he should do next.

"She is still alive and looks well notwithstanding all that she has passed through. I could see in her face, even in the moving picture, that she is still hopeful and expectant. She is keeping herself clean for me. What a girl. She has gone through that which would have broken most of them and still she stands firm. I'll get her yet for she belongs to me. If I could only get some word to her just to let her know that I am coming in search of her and to save her from her enemies.

"I wonder when the picture was taken? I must

find out, but I will have to wait until to-morrow."

The following morning Robert went up on Seventeenth Street to the playhouse. He learned the picture had been taken about ten days before. He left the playhouse and went directly to the city offices of the Santa Fe Railroad and made arrangements for tickets and Pullman to Mexico City.

It was late in the fall and Old Mexico was in all her beauty when Robert made the trip. He had not taken time to question himself as to how he would proceed on his arrival in a strange city and amongst a people the vast majority of whom spoke a language which he knew nothing about.

As he sat in the room which he had procured, facing the Alameda, the night of his arrival, his thoughts were not on how he better proceed but of what chance he had in this strange place and among these strange people of getting any clue to Sarah's place of confinement.

"Should I commence to make inquiries," he said to himself, "I am liable to reveal my own identity and no doubt my father has some one watching for me."

At the very hour when Robert Williams spoke these words to himself his father, not knowing that the son was in the city, was in a room in a hotel less than two blocks away. He was in conversation with the man who had been taking Sarah out riding. They were attempting to get the girl put out of the way. For some days Bill Williams had been trying to devise some means of dropping this girl. He wished he had never seen her and hoped that he would never see her again alive. He would be pleased to look on her corpse. He had about determined that she must be put out of existence and he had come to Mexico with the belief

that he could get the job done easier there than in any other place and have his tracks covered. He had procured the services of one whom he was led to believe could bring him to the right party to commit any act that might be called for and that he would not ask a fortune to do the work.

Bill Williams had had the man hired to get into Sarah's favor enough in order that she might be gotten to the place where she would never be released again.

Here in Old Mexico and in her Capital City it was father or son for the possession of the girl. Neither one knew that the other was in the country.

A knock came to the door of Bill Williams' room and on being admitted the page handed Williams a telegram. On opening it he read:

"Just learned that your son got away from guards in mountains. Came to this city. Best knowledge I could get of him he left for Mexico City by the Santa Fe. May be in Old Mexico now."

"If there is going to be anything doing," said Bill Williams to himself after he had deciphered the message and read it a second time, "it must be done right now for I've got to get out of this country. It won't hold us both very long."

Robert spent his time at the window of his room watching the Alameda with the hope that he might see something of Sarah. He had sent a message immediately on his arrival in Mexico City to his friend in Colorado and a few minutes after the messenger had delivered the message to the father at the hotel, another messenger carried a telegram to the home where the son was staying. Robert opened it and read it.

"Your father in Mexico City. Watch for him. He can get any dirt he wants pulled off there. Be on

your guard."

It was a few minutes after three o'clock on the Sunday afternoon following Robert's arrival in Mexico City that he stepped from his boarding house and entered a waiting cab. He ordered the driver onto the Paseo and a few minutes later his cab was a part of the solid procession. On Sunday afternoon when the parade is on, no one, no matter how urgent the business, is allowed to cross from one side of the street to the other. If a man wishes to take a side street leading from the Paseo, he must keep in the procession, go to the point where it makes the turn, come back on the other side and when opposite the street can swing into it.

Robert's cab was drawing up the Paseo toward the Palace of the President of the Republic and he was scanning carefully every cab going in the opposite direction. None missed his gaze. He was almost at the point where the turn is made when he saw a cab containing a man and woman in the back seat. One glance at the woman showed him Sarah Moore and her companion of the movie picture.

Robert was not acquainted with the traffic rules of the city and if he had been he was too much excited to think of them. He leaped from the cab, without having it stop, and rushed across the broad open space in the direction of the cab in which Sarah sat. He was not more than half way across the open space when a mounted policeman, aided by a foot policeman gripped him by the arms and started him on the relay to police headquarters. The commotion of the arrest caused Sarah to look up and when she saw the cause of it she swooned and fell back onto the cushions of the cab by the side of the man who was her escort.

No patrol was called to take Robert to headquarters as the city did not own one. The policeman who had arrested Robert took him to the place of the next policeman and he to the next and thus he was relayed to the station. On his arrival at police headquarters he was charged with the disorder of breaking the procession on the Paseo. A small fine and costs usually sufficed in such cases but he had been preceded to headquarters by his father and an unscrupulous American lawyer, who having lost his place at the bar in America had gone down to Mexico to practice. The lawyer was the one Bill Williams had hired to help him make away with Sarah and on this afternoon they were riding in a cab together a short distance behind the cab in which Sarah was seated. They were on the lookout for Robert ever since the father had heard of his coming to Mexico. The result of their visit to headquarters was that Robert could not get a hearing until the next day and was lodged in the filthy compound with all manner of criminals. The place was one of filth and vice.

As Robert passed beyond the gate he turned and looked into the sneering face of his father. The father read again an awful retribution in his son's eyes. He knew now, if not before, that his son would stop at nothing and that it was death to him should his son ever get him where he could force the issue. With this idea in his mind he turned away and went to his room, after ordering the attorney who was with him to make some disposition of the girl at once.

Robert Williams, defeated again, sat in one corner of the compound and thought, thought as he had never thought in all his trying days before. He was confident that Sarah was in more danger here than ever

before and he seemed to realize that she had been brought here to be disposed of. They had reached the climax. Whatever was done must be done with dispatch. What could he do? He answered the question with one word, "nothing."

As he sat in meditation he was approached by a man who was repulsive to look on. All semblance of manhood had long since departed. He was an American and in English he addressed himself to Robert, who, looking on him, did not wish to have anything to do with him. A thought flitted into Robert's mind and he turned on the filth-covered man with the question:

"Are you acquainted in this city?"

"Sure am, if I'm acquainted anywhere," was the answer. "Ye see that lawyer that was with that man who looked so wild at you? Well, that's the fellow they get to do all the dirty work around this city. He gets away with more folks that are never found again than any man I ever heard about. I don't know where his graveyard is but it's a silent place. No echoes come back."

"Well, I need a good lawyer and a clean one," said Robert. "Can I get one that speaks English?"

The man gave Robert the name of an attorney, a man of character and ability. He had him called to the jail and an hour later Robert passed out of the compound, having paid a small fine and costs. The attorney went with him and the moment they were on the street Robert told the man his story. He described the man who came to the jail with his father and the attorney he addressed knew the man and knew the girl's danger in his hands. Robert and his lawyer went direct to the attorney's home as they feared that Robert's rooming-place might be watched. Robert sat in

the home with the attorney and his wife and told the story of his life with minuteness from beginning to end. He gained their interest and confidence at once and secured the assistance of the attorney, who, as former prosecutor of the city, was well acquainted with its dives and resorts.

That Sunday night Sarah was moved from the care of the Chinaman and his wife and placed in the hands of the keeper of a famous Mexican resort within a block of the market place. She entered the house as a marked woman and the minute the door closed behind her her doom was sealed unless something miraculous occurred. She might be used for a few weeks but her ultimate end was death either by slow or rapid means, depending largely on how she behaved. Bill Williams, having satisfied himself of the ultimate disposal of Sarah, left on Monday morning as soon as he learned that his son was out of the jail. He did not leave alone, for Robert employed his father's tactics and had his father shadowed.

Instead of going north to the United States Bill Williams left over the Mexican Railroad for Orizaba, intending later to go to Vera Cruz and take ship for the States.

Tuesday evening Robert received a message from the man who had shadowed his father that the father was in Orizaba but that the girl was not with him. Robert was confident, however, that his father was not far from the girl and as a result he left for Orizaba the following morning.

He was not the only passenger on that train for Orizaba who was interested in Bill Williams and his work. A few seats behind him in the car there sat a man who had recognized Robert and surmised his mis-

sion. He kept his identity concealed. He sent the porter of the car out to buy him a lunch at the eating house and ate it in the car rather than take a chance of Robert's recognizing him should he seat himself at the table. All through the day Robert sat determined to bring his father to terms. All through the day the man back of Robert was determined to be in on the finish.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE MILLS OF THE GODS

ON the arrival of the train in the city of Orizaba, the man whom Robert had taken no note of, but who had kept him under close observation, left the train at the opposite end from Robert. As soon as Robert stepped onto the station platform he handed his grips to the runner for the American hotel and the man who had been shadowing him placed his in possession of the same man a minute later. The negro porter for the hotel started in the lead of the guests as they walked up.

Robert registered at the hotel and then started out to get in touch with the man whom he had employed to shadow his father. He learned that his father was stopping at the same hotel and he trembled at the expectation of what might take place should they meet. Robert did not fear for himself but only for his inability to keep his hands off his father should he meet him again. He determined to be on his guard and keep himself prepared for whatever might happen. He entered his room, opened his suit case and removed from it a revolver. He looked the gun over with care to see that it was fully loaded and then slipped it into his coat pocket. A few minutes later he left his room and went down the stairway to the patio of the hotel (the large open space in the center of the building).

He drew a chair up close to the fountain that was gushing its waters in the center of the flower garden.

Robert had been in the patio for half an hour when his father came strolling in, with an air of perfect security. He had not the least idea that his son was anywhere near him, in fact he could not have been made to believe that his son knew where he was. Bill Williams was almost at his son's side when Robert arose and faced him.

"You here!" Bill Williams exclaimed involuntarily.

"Yes, I'm here," answered the son, and the father knew that the hour of settlement was on. "I want Sarah Moore right now. You will not get away from me here unless I get her."

"Well, if you want the girl you came to the wrong place," said Bill Williams, with a marked degree of calmness. "If I am not greatly mistaken you have seen her for the last time. She is in the hands of the people this time who will put her where you will never see her again. I brought her to this country to git rid of her and I've accomplished my purpose."

"Where is she?" demanded Robert, menacingly. His tones indicated that he meant business and was not to be put off.

"I don't know where she is," said the father. "If she was all right in her religion and in her morals she's probably in heaven and if she's not prepared she's in hell, as the preachers say." Bill Williams laughed at his own joke but Robert grew angry under it. The smile faded from Bill Williams' face when he saw the look in his son's face. Robert took a step toward his father for the father had backed away from his son and stood a few paces away.

"Where did you leave Sarah? Who did you turn

her over to?" asked Robert.

"Not so many questions at once," said the father. "If I answered all your questions you'd know as much as I do."

Anger shook the great frame of Robert Williams. He made a menacing move toward his father and the father, fearing that his son was about to lay hold of him, threw his hand to his hip pocket to draw his gun. The gun came from the pocket but at the same instant Robert had drawn and was bringing his revolver to a level with the business end toward his father. At that very instant a shot pierced the air and Bill Williams lunged forward and lay prostrate at his son's feet.

Mexican officers, hearing the shot, rushed in to ascertain the cause and if need be make the arrests. Robert Williams stood there with the gun in his hand as the officers came rushing in. They saw him in the act of attempting to put the revolver in his pocket and demanded that he hand the revolver to them. Robert gave it to them and they opened it. It had not been discharged as the chamber was full. They smelled of the barrel, then looked through it. It had not been fired. They turned about and picked Bill Williams' gun from the floor and examined it. It had been discharged and the barrel was still warm. Thinking that it was a suicide the officers called in a physician and then withdrew to the street.

Bill Williams was laid on a couch in the patio, while the doctors worked over him. After some minutes the physicians stated that he was not dead and that there was a chance for saving his life. They had him carried to the Presbyterian hospital a block away.

As soon as Bill Williams was carried out of the hotel Robert went to his room on the second floor. He

was deep in thought. The question in his mind was as to how his father managed to shoot himself. Robert had not seen the gun turned. He sat down to study the matter but was aroused a moment later by a knock at his door. He arose and opened it. Standing in the hall by his door was a man about fifty years of age. He was a massive man and smooth shaved. Robert invited the man into the room and he accepted the invitation. They were seated for some minutes when the stranger said:

"You don't recognize me, I guess. Well, you never saw me much and never without I was wearing a full beard."

"Who are you?" asked Robert excitedly. He feared that this was one of his father's henchmen.

"I'm the man who just saved you the trouble of killing your own father in defense of your life," was the answer. "It was your life or his and I think I saved the most useful."

"Then it was you who shot him?" asked Robert.

"It was," was the answer. "Look at that gun." The man handed the gun to Robert and he opened it. It had one empty shell in it. "A fortunate thing about this event. I watched while they were working on your father and the guns are the same make and caliber. They think he shot himself and I'll sure let them keep on thinking it. He ought to be shot, anyhow. Shooting is too good for him."

Robert did not know whether to be angry or glad, but it flashed across his mind that had some one failed to kill his father he would have had to do it himself and that he would have been caught in the very act and what would have become of Sarah had he been thrown into jail to await trial.

"I was behind the large pillar by your side, watching everything that took place," said the man. "I had tracked Bill Williams all through this country and wanted a chance to face him in a fair fight myself but you got to him first and I had to shoot to save you and I had determined that it was my job to kill him anyhow."

"Who are you and why did you want to kill him?" asked Robert. "It was none of your quarrel."

"It wasn't any of my quarrel, eh?" asked the man. "Whose quarrel was it then? Who has been wronged the most by that man, you or me? That man has broken up my home, made me lose all I had accumulated and sent me to the penitentiary."

"My God!" exclaimed Robert in excitement, as he leaped to his feet, "Sam Moore! Where did you come from? Did you break out of the pen?"

"No, I did not break out of the pen," answered Sam Moore. "The business man who befriended me at the time I was tried for the attempt on the life of Bill Williams, for ruining my home, was elected Governor of the State this last fall. I wrote to him and he came to see me at the pen. I told him of what was going on and let him read some of your letters to me telling about Sarah. He had my case looked into. I showed him the letter you sent at the time you were about to leave for Mexico City. When he looked everything over he had me pardoned and asked to have me sent to the Executive chamber at the State capitol. When we were closeted together, alone, he turned on me and said, 'Go to the aid of Williams' son and help him to get your daughter and may God grant you success.' I shook his hand in a good-by and went to the old home. I mortgaged our little place in order to get the money

with which to come here. I was in a cab on my way from the Mexican Central station to the hotel in the City of Mexico when I passed a cab and I recognized you in it. I saw you had your grips with you. I ordered the driver to follow you. I entered the station behind you and followed you up to the ticket office. When you stepped from the office I asked for a ticket to the same place the last fellow bought one. I sat behind you all the way here. I felt sure that if I kept near you I would be near Sarah.

"Sometimes in your actions I could see that you were troubled. I felt that it was best to keep my identity covered until I had had more time to size up the situation. I am glad now that I kept away from you, for if I had not I would have had to stand out with you at the time your father fell. I would probably have been taken to jail and you with me as an accomplice. It has worked out well for us both. Where is Sarah?"

"I don't know where she is," said Robert. "That was what I was trying to make my father tell me when he drew on me. We must find out where she is mighty quick. Did you not hear what my father said about her in the patio? Well, I fear the worst. He had some of the most vicious characters in the City of Mexico lined up to do his work and he has left her in their hands."

"Then you think they may have made away with her?" asked Sarah's father.

"I think they will make away with her," answered Robert. "The question that is troubling me is where she is and how we can get any clue to her location. My father has all the information. How can we get it now that he is out of business? If we could have forced him to tell us what he knew it would have been

better but he was too rash to give us a chance to do that. We will have to go back to the city and search it closely. It is not a safe thing to do, either."

While Robert and Sam Moore were carrying on this conversation in the hotel room the doctors were at work over the body of Bill Williams in the operating room of the hospital. The bullet had entered the heart cavity in a downward direction and had lodged in the stomach. At the end of two hours Bill Williams showed signs of coming to. He commenced to rave and act as one who had gone mad. The attendant feared him for a while.

"Look! Look!" he screamed, as he gazed away into space. "There she is."

"Who?" asked the nurse.

"Who?" Williams repeated. "Her, my wife that I murdered. She was too good for me and I killed her to get rid of her. I'll never be forgiven for that awful crime. Robert! Robert! my son, come to me. He was at the hotel and he shot me. He did right for I deserved to be shot and by him."

The nurse left the room and dispatched a messenger to the hotel to inquire for the man named "Robert Williams." While Sam Moore and Robert were conversing concerning Sarah, and the prospect of securing her, the messenger came and informed them that the father of Robert wanted to see him or at least they thought he did as he was asking for him.

"Then he is not dead?" asked Robert.

"No, but there is little if any chance for his recovery. It is only a matter of hours, perhaps minutes, so you better hurry." The messenger left the room and Robert and Sam Moore followed him to the hospital and were ushered into the room where Bill Wil-

liams lay prostrate on a bed.

"They tell me that you have been calling for me and that you wanted to see me," said Robert, addressing his father.

"You here? Who's the man with you?" asked Bill Williams.

"You ought to know him," answered Robert. "You have seen him often enough before. That is Sam Moore, the father of Sarah."

"Sam Moore, the man I sent to the pen?" said Bill Williams. "Come over here. I want to see you. You wore a beard when I saw you last. This has been an awful two years to me. I have been driven from pillar to post. I had to sell my business last month in order to get money enough to keep out of the pen. Practically the last dollar I own I paid to the man in Mexico City that has charge of getting rid of Sarah. I kept back enough to get home on and it's all I have. I expect that if I had gone back all I could have done would be to hold up the men who have helped me with the dirty business for a living. This doctor bill will take all of what I now have and then I am reduced to a pauper. I guess I got my money crooked enough to lose it."

"Where did you leave the girl, Sarah?" asked Robert.

"In the City of Mexico," said Bill Williams. "The lawyer I hired in the city told me he had put her in the hands of folks that would see that she never bothered me again. He got the last of my money for the job."

"Do you have any idea as to where I could find the lawyer?" asked Robert. "He would probably take more money to get her for me if he had a chance."

Bill Williams gave them the lawyer's address and

then sank back into the pillows on his bed. He lay quiet a few minutes in an exhausted condition. Sam Moore left the hospital and went direct to the hotel with a view of finding out the time of the next train to Mexico City. Robert was left alone by the side of his father. He determined to wait and see if his father would come to so that he might get some further information concerning Sarah.

At the end of half an hour Bill Williams stirred on the bed and asked for his son Robert. Robert stepped to the bed and addressed his father, just as Sam Moore returned and informed him that they could not get a train for Mexico City until the following morning.

"I've done you all the dirt that I could, boy," said Bill Williams, addressing his son. "I did kill your mother. That was the worst thing I did to you. Then I have dragged the name of Williams across this country from city to city until it is a by-word and a hissing in every den of vice. There are girls by the dozen and in their dying breath they pray down the curses of heaven on the very name. I've kept you from the Moore girl. She has cost me all that I had. She has never made me a dollar. She could never be used in the business and she never has been used in it. I've threatened to kill her unless she gave herself up and every time I did it she gave me one answer: it was this, 'To give myself up to this life is more than death. Kill me if you will.' I wish I could bring her to you now. Now, when I feel that I would like to do one good act I can't do it. I'm not going to get up from this bed. I'm going to die here. I feel it. I do not want you to stay here with me but go to the city and get the girl if you can. Draw up a paper addressed to the lawyer in Mexico City requesting him to let you

know where you can get possession of the Moore girl and I'll sign it. I could not let her go while I was alive or I'd done it long ago rather than bear the suffering and loss she has brought on me by her holding out. I feared the gallows if the law ever laid its hands on me and so I have fought to the end of keeping her. Had the law ever laid its hands on me I'd never get free. There is a chain of horrible crimes around me and they are closing in on me now."

Robert got a sheet of paper from the hospital office and wrote the name of the lawyer, given him by his father, and then wrote this message:

"I, Bill Williams, being at the point of death, demand that you let my son, Robert Williams, and Sam Moore, the father of the girl Sarah, whom I put into your hands, a few days ago, have the girl. Let them take her off your hands if she has not already been disposed of. Give them all the help you can in securing her. My time has come and I got what was coming to me."

Bill Williams signed the note. To do so he was supported by the arms of his son. When he had signed the note he wrote at the bottom, "PxTxY."

"What do those letters signify?" asked Robert.

"Never mind what they signify," said the father. "If you get the girl that should satisfy you without knowing any more."

"I deserved to be killed by you, Robert," said Bill Williams, after a few minutes. "You did right to shoot me for if you hadn't I'd have shot you."

"But I did not shoot you, father," was Robert's answer.

"You didn't?" was the next question. "Then who did?"

"I shot you," said Sam Moore, stepping closer to the bed as he spoke. "I shot you in defense of your son to whom I owe so much and because I owed it to you."

Bill Williams lay back on his bed and was quiet for some time. Robert and Sam Moore sat in the room waiting for the turn in his case. The doctor entered the room at the end of two hours and gave Bill Williams a careful examination. He then turned on Robert and said:

"He will not be here in the morning. He's going down fast now."

The doctor left the hospital and went to his home for the night, after giving the interne and nurse instructions as to the care of Bill Williams.

"What is that?" asked Bill Williams as he sat up in the bed about midnight and stared into the corner of the room.

"What?" asked Robert as he looked in the direction his father had indicated. "I do not see anything."

"That, that over there," said Bill Williams. He was frightened beyond description. "See it is crawling this way. See it here above the bed. Don't you see it? Can't you get it away from me?" Bill Williams rent the air with a blood curdling yell and rose to his knees on the bed. "I see it all now. It is coming back. There is the girl I brought from home, the one that died a few weeks ago in Colorado. That one over there drowned herself in disgrace after five years in the business." He fell over on the bed. "See, there is Sam Moore's wife, she hung herself the day of the trial, after she had burned up all her clothing and everything by which she might be made known. I saw her body and helped to bury it. See, there is the woman who

bore my son. I drugged her and sat back for months waiting for death to come to her to rid me of her. She has come back to lay it all on my dying soul."

Bill Williams trembled, weakened and fell back into the pillows and an hour later died a remorseful death, while all the awful life of vice and crime which he had lived piled up against him in his memory. Memory was the hell from which there seemed to be no release. What further hell can a man have than that which memory gives him? What hell can equal memory in its severity?

Robert Williams left the disposal of his father's body in the hands of an undertaker the following morning and he and Sam Moore took the first train North to the aid of Sarah. She was a living duty. Bill Williams was beyond caring for. On arriving in the City of Mexico, that same evening, they searched and found the lawyer whom the father had hired to get rid of Sarah and delivered to him the message signed by Bill Williams on his dying bed. The lawyer informed them that he could give them no information further than to say that the girl was put into the hands of one of the dive-keepers in the city.

"If she is alive you will find her in one of the dives near the market. I don't think they'd make away with her so soon," said the lawyer. "They'll do all they can to break her to the business and when they find they can't do anything with her she'll have her life taken from her." The people that have her now will not lose any money caring for her. She will have to show a profit on the ledger if she is spared."

"You miserable brute," said Sam Moore, as he walked up and towered over this servant of the devil.

Robert grabbed hold of Sam Moore and hurried him

from the office. He did not want to have anything started that might delay the procuring of Sarah. He knew that this lawyer had a stand-in with the city police and that he might cause them much delay and annoyance.

Robert and Sarah's father left the office together and started out to search the city. That night did not yield them anything—not even a clue. Robert waited on the lawyer who had aided him when he was arrested on the Paseo, the following morning. He gained a considerable amount of information. He was given useful pointers as to how to evade trouble. He was informed that the dives were officially recognized and protected. He learned from the lawyer where the most vicious resorts were located and prepared himself to enter them on the night of that day.

The keeper of the Mexican dive where Sarah was being confined thought that he was so far removed from the place where Sarah had been "procured" that he did not require to exercise any care to hide the girl. Sarah sat in one corner of the large dance room of the resort. She would not join in the dance with the others. Robert and Sam Moore entered the long hall and passed to the rear of the building. They were approached by a number of the girls in the place but turned them all away. Sarah got a glimpse of Robert as he passed the rear door to the hall. She did not recognize the man with him as her father, as she had never seen her father without a beard. As Sarah approached Robert he put up his hand commanding silence. He whispered in her ear that the man with him was her father. She gazed a second into the man's eyes and, throwing discretion to the winds, leaped into his arms and cried. The act was observed by the keeper of the resort and

it aroused his curiosity. He walked over to where the three were standing.

"What are you men doing in here?" the man asked them. He spoke good English notwithstanding he was a Mexican.

"Is not this place open to the public?" asked Robert. "We rather liked the looks of this nice American girl and called her over. She came to us and was overcome when she saw that we were Americans. This man would like to go with the girl to her room for a while."

Sarah and her father stepped into her room while Robert remained to guard the door. A few minutes later Sarah emerged from the room dressed for the street. Her father was by her side. They walked down the hall toward the front door of the house. Robert walked behind them.

"Where are you going?" asked the keeper of the place as he stepped out of the door at the front of the dance room and saw Sarah walking by the side of the man who had entered the room with her a few minutes before. Robert was between the girl and the dive-keeper.

"We're going out for a walk," said Robert quietly.

"She's not going out for a walk," exclaimed the keeper in an angry and loud voice. "We don't let the girls out this time of night with men. They are here to make money for the house, not to run around."

The dancing stopped as the crowd heard the man speak. They came rushing to the large hallway to see what was taking place. By the time the crowd of men and women reached the hall Sarah and her father had passed out the front door. The keeper stepped to one side to pass Robert, but Robert stepped toward the door and at the same moment whipped out his revolver

and thrust it under the keeper's nose. He held the crowd back until Sarah and her father got around the corner and into the light of the market place, then, seeing his chance, he slammed the door shut and ran down the steps and disappeared into the darkness. A half-hour later Sarah Moore, her father and Robert Williams, her lover, were seated in a restaurant on San Francisco Street and partaking leisurely of a hearty meal while they were enjoying to the full each other's company.

CHAPTER XIX

EPILOGUE

TWO weeks after the rescue of Sarah Moore from the dive in Mexico City, Robert Williams, Sarah and her father were back in the old home in the State of Ohio.

The death and burial of Bill Williams in Orizaba, Old Mexico, had been announced but no one seemed to know the cause of the death and none ever found out for those who knew did not deem it necessary to tell and as the act had been done in defense of life it was not resting on the conscience of the man who had shot him. All of Bill Williams' papers and effects had been placed in the hand of the court and his son Robert, being the only heir, was appointed executor of the estate. Among the papers thus coming into Robert's possession were certain stock certificates most of which were of questionable value. Bill Williams had disposed of his business and sold what realty he owned in order to have money with which to save himself from the prosecution he was sure would follow should he drop any of those lately "procured" and more especially Sarah Moore. He was hounded on all sides by those who had helped him in his evil work. As they found themselves short of funds they made no bones about coming to him and making him "come across." He had been for a year past the object of attack by

all who had done any business for him. The result of his lavish payments, the price of silence, was that he was at the end of his financial string. There was therefore little to come into Robert's possession and he felt fortunate that he had procured his mother's money more than a year before. If he had not it would have gone the way of the rest.

Robert had, with his own balance, the sum of four thousand dollars in cash. With part of the money he had paid off the mortgage on Sam Moore's house and Sam Moore had deeded the property to Robert and Sarah on the day of their marriage. It was their home now and a happy one. The father returned to his old place in the machine-shop and made his home with his daughter Sarah.

A year after Robert's return he discovered that certain stocks, bought by his father years before, were rising in value and when they reached high mark he sold them. The result of the sale was that Robert and Sarah found themselves in possession of more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Robert resigned his position in the city immediately and he and Sarah started a systematic effort to gather the necessary information with which to put an end to the traffic in girls. Their first act was to open a home near the City Park and put Captain and Mrs. Hadley of the Volunteers of America organization at the head of it. No girl was refused admission and the result of the work was soon evident in the restored lives and uplifted hearts.

Robert was sitting one day carefully scanning the newspapers, when his eye wandered to an editorial in the leading paper of the city describing and supporting the effort of Congressman Hann to secure the

passage of a national law which would strike directly at the traffic in girls and which it was hoped might result in wiping out the business. He also found, from further study, of the work being done in Washington by his friend, the Colorado lawyer who had rescued Sarah from the hands of the big brute on Lamar Street and who was now a member of the Lower House.

Robert sat down and wrote at once to his Colorado friend and the answer which he received indicated that Congressman Hann's measure was about to be buried in committee. Mr. Hann was using all his powers to bring the bill before the House but the members of the committee which had the bill under consideration were unaroused and nothing seemed to make them feel the necessity for recommending the bill to the House. The letter closed by asking Robert and Sarah, if it was at all possible for them to spare the time, to come to Washington and appear before the committee in behalf of the measure.

Robert wired that they would leave that very night and would be in Washington on the following day and would be glad to appear before the committee at any time that that body was ready to hear them. On their arrival in Washington they were met by the member of the House from Colorado and informed that the committee would be ready to hear them on the measure the following day. They were also told to be prepared for close questioning as there were some members of the committee who were anxious to keep the bill from reaching the House, fearing that it might hit some of the politicians at home, and then many of them did not wish to go on record against it although they were anxious to keep it from passing.

On the following morning Robert and Sarah were

taken to the committee room and introduced to the members of the committee by Congressman Hann. The Colorado Congressman accompanied them to the room. It was a new experience for both of them but their desire to help those who suffered though the "traffic" led them to do all in their power to get a measure by which men of the Bill Williams' type could be brought to bar and made to suffer the consequences of their acts.

Robert was called on first and told, in the simplest manner, his story from the day his mother was white-slaved as a girl, by his father, until he obtained possession of Sarah down in Mexico City. He told his story with such clearness that every member of the committee was impressed but any one could tell that the committee was still desirous of hindering the referring of the bill with any recommendation to the House. They wanted the measure killed in committee, as there was no record made of the votes cast on the measure or of their individual attitude toward the reform as would be the case once it came on the floor of the House. In committee it was merely a matter of their judgment as to the wisdom of allowing the measure to come before the House for consideration.

Mrs. Sarah Williams was called to tell the committee what she knew that might aid them in deciding as to the disposition of the bill. Her story was one of horror. Robert sat by her side and asked her to spare nothing but to tell it all, no matter how vicious and low. Her story hit at the roots of the matter and when she had concluded the committee was at a standstill. They finally decided not to take any action on the measure at that time but to take it up later and decide what disposition they would make of it. Mr. Hann and the Colorado member of the House knew what the delay

would ultimately mean, and as a result they called Robert and his wife to meet them and recite to them the story told by Sarah before the committee.

That night found the four in a room in the hotel and with them a press reporter. Robert and Sarah were introduced to the representative of the press and assured that the purpose of the meeting was to force the action of the committee having the white slave law in hand, by having Sarah's story published in the papers throughout the whole country the following day. Congressman Hann knew that the publicity would bring a storm of protest against the inaction of the committee and at the same time bring such pressure by mail and wire to the members of the committee and of the House, from their districts, that they would be compelled to take some definite action on the measure.

The reporter sat at a table where he could have Sarah under observation all through the telling of the story. He wanted, if possible, to lose nothing of the force or effect of the story she would have to tell. She was asked to tell it as nearly in the same form as she told it to the committee as possible.

Sarah sat forward in her chair and recited the story of all that through which she had passed in those months when Bill Williams was trying to effect her ruin. She told of the threats which had been made unless she submitted to the "traffic." Of the agonies of soul through which she had passed when she would arouse from the effect of some drug to find that she had been subjected to outrage, of the manner in which they came to her after such events and taunted her by telling her that there was no difference what she did now as she had already been ruined and used in the

business.

“‘Who wants a woman who has committed such acts as you have committed?’ they would ask me. ‘Do you suppose that any man would be fool enough to believe you when you tell him that you did not know of it until afterwards? You can never convince a man that you are pure now. You might just as well make it easy for yourself and for us by giving up now.’

“‘I am not keeping myself pure for the sake of any man. I am staying pure for my own sake,’ was my answer. ‘Never shall I give my body to the business and never shall I be broken in to it. So long as I have an ounce of strength left I will fight every attempt put forth to break me down. I’ll die but I will not yield up my virtue.’

“The committee asked me if it was a common practice to bring girls into the business against their will and I answered them ‘yes.’ They then asked for other instances and I sat for hours telling them of the life and the girls whom I knew were forced into it. I told them of the attempts made to get the men who had ‘procured’ the girls only to find that the jurisdiction was in some other State than the one where the girl was disposed of and in most cases it was impossible to get the parties most directly involved in the business. I told the committee of the deaths I had witnessed and of the remorse of the dying, that many of them died praying down curses on the nation which did not arouse itself and aid her own daughters, that if there was a hell the men engaged in the traffic and the people who did not help to put an end to it would find that hell, for there were enough prayers offered by the dying inmates of the dives to curse the whole nation.”

“Could you tell us some of the stories you told the

committee?" asked Congressman Hann.

"I can," answered Sarah, "but there would be no use in repeating them. They could not be placed in print and that seems to be what this interview is for."

Sarah being assured that they could be fixed for their effect started in and told of case after case. She closed, at the end of two hours, and she and Robert went to their room while the others remained to fix up the story to be given to the American people, through the press of the country, on the following day.

Two days later the members of the committee, having the bill in charge, and other members of Congress, were being besieged by letters and telegrams, with the result that they reported the bill out of committee with the recommendation that it be enacted into law. Without debate the measure passed the Lower House almost unanimously and the Upper House was unanimous in favor of it. Within three days after the measure passed the Senate the President affixed his signature and the law became effective. The forces of the National Government were placed on the track of the slavers and forcing them into a corner.

The work of Robert Williams, the work and sufferings of his wife Sarah are still bearing fruit and will do so until every American girl will be protected.



**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

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4. *De geschiedenis van de wetenschap*

De geschiedenis van de wetenschap wordt in de eerste plaats behandeld in de eerste twee delen van de *Wetenschap en filosofie*. Het eerste deel behandelt de geschiedenis van de wetenschap in het algemeen, het tweede deel de geschiedenis van de wetenschap in Nederland.

In het eerste deel wordt de geschiedenis van de wetenschap in het algemeen behandeld. De auteur begint met de vraag: wat is wetenschap? Hij geeft een aantal definities van wetenschap en bespreekt de verschillende opvattingen van wetenschap in de geschiedenis.

De auteur bespreekt vervolgens de geschiedenis van de wetenschap in Nederland. Hij begint met de 17e eeuw, de gouden eeuw van de Nederlandse wetenschap. Hij bespreekt de belangrijke wetenschappers van die tijd, zoals Christiaan Huygens, Antoni van Leeuwenhoek en Willem Blaeuw.

De auteur bespreekt vervolgens de 18e en 19e eeuw. Hij bespreekt de belangrijke wetenschappers van die tijd, zoals Jan van der Waerden, Pieter van der Waerden en Pieter van der Waerden.

De auteur bespreekt vervolgens de 20e eeuw. Hij bespreekt de belangrijke wetenschappers van die tijd, zoals Pieter van der Waerden, Pieter van der Waerden en Pieter van der Waerden.